Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIX No. 2461 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 5 1947

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

IF YOU MISS CHINA TEA AN EXCELLENT ALTERNATIVE IS

HARDEN'S DOCTOR REGD TRADE MARK DARJEELING TEA

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY LTD., 121 CANNON STREET, E.C.4

Cephos REG'D THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

The Safe Remedy

Sold everywhere in Tablet and Powder form
1/3 & 3/-
Including Purchase Tax

FOR HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Limited supplies are distributed as fairly as possible.

PADDY

10 YEARS OLD WHISKY

The Cork Distilleries Co. Ltd., Cork, Ireland.

By appointment Cyder Makers to H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd, Attleborough & London

Gaymer's CYDER

FAMOUS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

OTARD

cognac BRANDY

Famous since 1795

TENNENT'S BRITISH LAGER

J. & R. TENNENT LTD.
WELLPARK BREWERY, GLASGOW.

ESTABLISHED FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES.

TRADE MARK T

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.

BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

POWER OF ATTORNEY

John Gilpin was a Barrister,
Of meagre build and small;
We used to say "Although he's short
He's hardly briefed at all."

His voice was thin and reedy,
Like a sparrow's song at dawn;
His Lordship drew an engine
And the Jury drew a yawn.

In cross-examination,
What made you scratch your head,
(Although his points were telling)
Was telling what he said.

At last we said "Your speeches
Are long, but you are short
Of Guinness and its goodness,
So remember what you're tort."

He cried "I'll order Guinness—
In strength I'll grow apace;
Before my case is opened
I'll open up a case!"

His lungs became so lusty,
With Guinness every day,
That in a brush with Counsel
He swept us all away.

Who'd think that he was ever
As weak as watered milk?
Now thanks to taking Guinness
John Gilpin's taking silk.

G.E.1306

Volume CLXXXIX No. 2461 The SPHERE, London, April 5, 1947

Illustrated Newspapers New Oxford St.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE NEW VICEROY MEETS THE INDIAN LEADERS—REAR-ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN SHAKES HANDS WITH PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU ON ARRIVAL AT PALAM AIRPORT, DELHI : Also waiting to greet the new Viceroy were Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, representative of the Muslim League and Finance Minister in the All-Indian Interim Government, and Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Commander-in-Chief

Rear-Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, twentieth Viceroy of India and nineteenth incumbent of the great office, arrived at Palam airport, Delhi, on March 23, prior to taking over from Field-Marshal Earl Wavell at the most crucial moment of India's history. Meeting the new Viceroy at Palam were Mr. Nehru, the head of the Interim Government, and his Muslim League colleague, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan. On March 24 Lord Mountbatten was sworn in by the Chief Justice of India, and, wasting no time, he at once set about the task of conferring with the various leaders. He invited both Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah to come to Delhi with all speed, and thus implemented within a matter of hours the programme for his Viceroyalty, which he had outlined at the inaugural ceremony in the Durbar Hall. (Pictures of Lord Mountbatten's arrival at Viceregal Lodge and of his meeting with Lord Wavell appear on page 6.)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

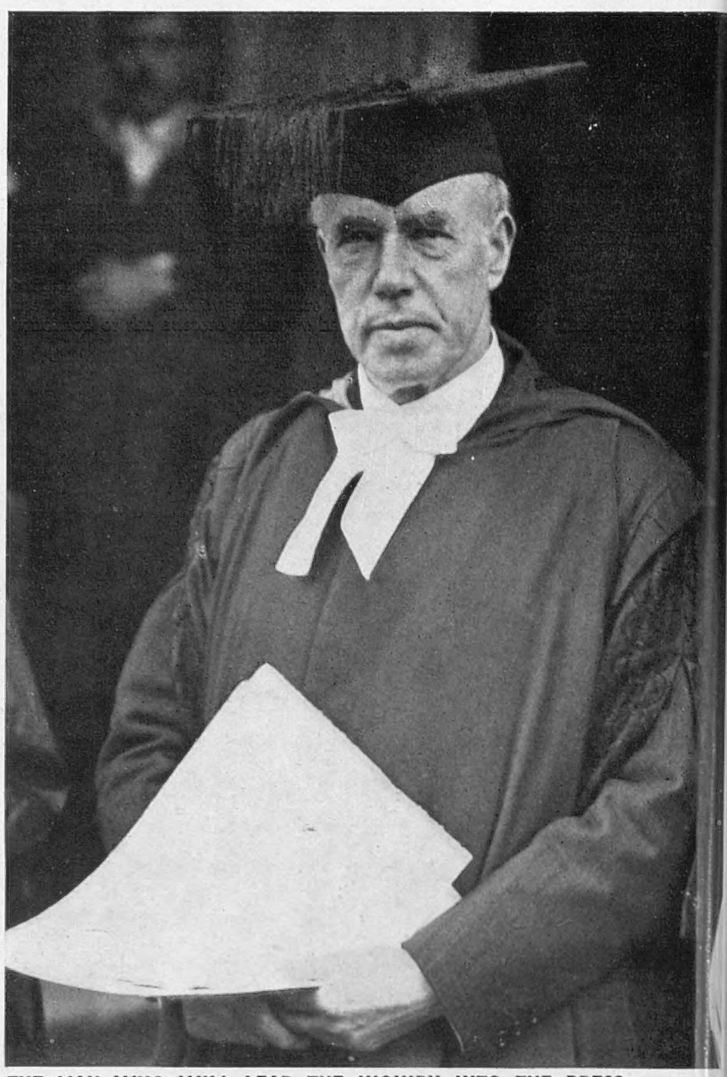
1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

Easter Already ? — "The hounds of spring are on winter's traces" with a vengeance. If it 's not *vice versa*. We knew how it must be after this unmentionable winter. We should one day be catapulted into summer, having missed altogether the delicious anticipations of spring, the signs of the birds in song and nest-building, the first sulphur butterfly, the first hum of bees. All these we lose, with how much else of a material sort. And here is Easter, not abnormally early, upon us while we still pant from our snow-clearing labours. In the cold glass-houses, all our seeds are threatened with night frosts, our last hopes of averting final starvation. Good Friday should be devoted to potato planting. How many of us have yet dug the ground, let alone laid out their seed potatoes or screwed their courage to the sticking point of taking the risk ? The light-soil gardener and farmer may commiserate his brother of the wealden clay, but the weald may laugh last, for the sandy soil is risking a hundred fearful dangers from the icy blasts which will not relax their grip on Britain. Never were life and death so mated as at this year's season of the rebirth of life and hope, when the best of our native soil lies sogged and sour, and near two vital months of preparation are excised from our cultivator's year. We shall crack a very problematic Easter egg.

Election Rumours. — You and I who see only the 'ooves of the 'osses, and those through a glass darkly, are inclined to pooh-pooh rumours of a general election within a year and to dismiss them as Tory wishful thinking or Lobby gossip. Why should a Government with a tyrant's majority in Parliament risk dropping even forty supporters two years before it need do so ? But, in truth, there are one or two attractive implications in the idea, and one or two pointers, from the Socialist side. And sober politicians in opposition do not dismiss the rumour as entirely baseless. It might suit Mr. Attlee to obtain another adequately safe majority for five years to cover the completion of his five-year plan on which he would go to the country. He would fight the election on the existing constituency boundaries, which are more favourable to Socialism than the revised Redistribution plan, which reduces the size of the House by twenty-five Members, of whom a majority would hold seats now held by Socialists. Moreover, if there be anything serious in rumours of Socialist party revolts, the probable loss of seats by normal reaction at an earlier general election would be likely to eliminate first and foremost some of the "hot-heads" of the revolts. A smaller, but still strong and purged, majority for full five years might well suit Mr. Attlee's book. And the risk of the wilderness would be negligible. There is little sign of reaction in the ranks of Labour's supporters in the country ; and if, by any freak, a sudden tide of reaction swept the Socialists away, Mr. Attlee would take comfort from the thought that there might be advantages in opposition at a time when the American Loan was all spent and sumptuary laws would be required to avert national bankruptcy, with inevitable unpopularity to the Government compelled to enforce them. No party can relish being in power at that moment, and no party could long survive through it, unless newly mandated with a very strong majority. There is, therefore, "something in the rumours," but perhaps not much. A small majority of the nation may to-day dislike or feel disappointed by the failures of Socialism, but a vast majority would resent the further dislocations of a general election ; and most Right-wing supporters feel that the present Opposition is still ill-equipped to take over the reins and smooth out the tangle.

The Law's a H'ass.—To the average man in these days of sensational news the workaday evolution of British Justice, as revealed in such law reports as only sober journals publish, proceeds unnoticed. Only such cases are heard of as touch our lives nearly or otherwise make "news." A "society" divorce or libel action, a "good" murder, a verdict snatched from the Crown or Bureaucracy, these legal items and these alone "make news." A few of us, perhaps induced thereto by legal training, like to keep abreast of legal procedure and observe its evolution. One of the surprises which always strikes me with regard to British judicial procedure—which, unlike the American, is vaunted as utterly impervious to sentimental or political bias—is the large number of verdicts by High Court Judges reversed in the Court of Appeal. A High Court Judge is of the same standing in experience and wisdom as his brother, the Lord Justice of the Appeal Court. Next year or the year after, he too will be a Lord Justice. Yet time and again, his decision, based on the facts brought out and formed according to the precedents of his day, is reversed by a higher Court of three Judges of his own standing. It gives the impression that Justice is no "exact science" and that a verdict pro or con on agreed facts according to existing law is very chancy even in England and may depend on circumstances outside those two rigid limits. Mr. Silkin acted *ultra vires*, Mr. Silkin's actions are entirely correct ; the halter for this vile murderer, or a new lease of life ? Well, lawyers must live like other men. I would not go so far as to brand the Law as a h'ass. But it is certainly a speculative counter for litigants and accused persons.

To Advise Magistrates.—The Bar Council has a plan—while a commission still sits—for improving the quality of petty sessional justice. A stipendiary magistrate (salary £2,000) to be appointed to a "circuit" of courts, to advise lay magistrates and to assume control of "any case involving a point of law." The B.C. considers that the laymen should henceforth be paid also—at a guinea a sitting. It has already been demonstrated that a stipendiary certainly could not, if he controlled only two divisions in a rural area, take the chair at all the fixed and emergency sessions. Accordingly, it is more practical that he should call himself an adviser and pick a case here or there, and so earn his £2,000 a year. But we are now engaged on raising the salaries and efficiency of justices' clerks, who are our advisers on law. What, then, will the new model clerk become ? An assistant adviser at a higher salary ? The Press and the public have long since assumed the honorary office of advisers to the Bench. All these hopeful plans mean *more and more* money from tax- and ratepayers. There are so many good objects in modern life. But *money is no object*, even in a bankrupt Britain. There are professions in more urgent need of reform and public money than Mr. Muddlecombe's honorary office. It has stood the test of centuries and its record of failures is low. Unfortunately, each one is *red-hot news* for the sensational Press which makes the most of it. Our sentences are glaringly low or high or anyway wrong. The truth is, most magistrates carefully follow the rules of evidence and humbly seek advice on points of law ; and it is impossible for an outsider to criticise two apparently or flagrantly unequal sentences if he has not attended both hearings. The *evidence* is the decisive factor in the weight of the sentence. Mr. Muddlecombe, after weighing the evidence and consulting his clerk on any point of law, is much more a mere mouthpiece or foreman of jury than a judge, or erratic tyrant. To haze a jury of plain men is not as easy as some advocates boast.



THE MAN WHO WILL LEAD THE INQUIRY INTO THE PRESS—SIR DAVID ROSS, PROVOST OF ORIEL COLLEGE, IS TO PRESIDE OVER THE COMMISSION OF SEVENTEEN SET UP BY THE GOVERNMENT : The terms of reference of the Commission give it authority to inquire into the control, management and ownership of daily newspapers and periodicals, and one of its main objects is to further the accurate presentation of news. Sir David Ross, who will shortly retire from his post at Oriel, has been a member of the National Arbitration Tribunal since 1941. He is a classical scholar and has achieved particular distinction with his translations of Aristotle

The Real Criminal.—Our legal system is often praised. It evolves slowly and resists violent reforms. It is working to-day to cope with a customary post-war increase in crime. Burglary and thefts are all too common. A contributory cause is the vanity or carelessness of the victims. When I read of the theft from a hotel bedroom at some seaside resort of £10,000 worth of jewellery, I speculate upon where the major share of guilt lies. Surely it lies with the vulgar wife of the Black Market profiteer who wishes to cut a dash in the hotel lounge and carts these costly and unnecessary gewgaws about with her to trick out her ample bust, and leaves them about to corrupt and tempt people to easy crime. But I suppose it would be too much to expect the judge to send the victim to penal servitude and let the thief off with a caution. There might also be some new corrective device for improving the memory and responsibility of those doctors who, day after day, drop boxes of deadly poison about our streets and so invite children to kill themselves. A doctor who cannot keep his poison pills in his pockets deserves to be struck off.

National Morality in Business.—When in August 1914 a certain publicist suggested that by keeping neutral Britain might "snatch the markets of the combatants," *Saki* coined the phrase, "a nation of shoplifters"—which was happy enough for the occasion. To-day we are all out to prove ourselves once more a nation of shop*keepers*—it is that or bankruptcy—and, as ever, honesty is the best policy. But every feature and condition of the austere times we have been through since 1940 have contributed to undermine business- and sales-probity. As prices rise, so does quality decline. For example, the domestic consumer by March 1947 was paying nearly £5 a ton for hard fuel, of which 80 per cent. was pure (or impure) chalk and slate. For five years the percentage of pure rubbish in the coals has been steadily rising. To-day the coal ramp must have touched bottom. The meat and many other foods sold to us at rising prices show comparative deterioration. We buy offals and horse and cat's-meat at the price of "best Welsh lamb." Such utility clothing as offers is shoddy, poor material, with buttons tacked on. Water is sold as beer, grass seed as chicken mash, pack-thread as corduroy, unstitched cotton star-fish as "stout garden gloves." Shoddy is sold and evidenced in every shop-window. Whatever the foreigner may think of our goods, the home citizen is in no doubt of the decline in the honesty of work and dealing of the British shopkeeper and merchant. We feel cynically that we are pigeons to be plucked. We perfectly realise that the supplier, the manufacturer, the retailer is often powerless and is ashamed of the goods he must offer. We realise the excuses and difficulties, but we realise also how this widespread fraud must affect the morality and (so) the efficiency of British trade in the long run. The propaganda of Government invited us all to glorify shoddy and to cheat our neighbours and ourselves in its efforts to popularise foods and goods which *could* be supplied in our worst food crises—e.g., the "vitamin value" of raw turnips, and so forth ; and now our commercial honesty has fallen very low.

The Old Stager

EASTER in the HOLY LAND

Sacred Place of Jerusalem Linked with the Last Days of Christ

Against the grim background of barbed-wire entanglements and in an atmosphere so tragically remote from the Christian ideal, Easter is once again being celebrated in Jerusalem. Priests and churchmen of many faiths are taking part in the Easter services, paying homage to the events of over 1900 years ago. The people of Jerusalem are visiting once again many of the places associated with the Easter story, particularly the Garden of Gethsemane, which is held in such deep veneration; for in that limited area most of the historic events of Holy Week took place. The Garden now belongs to the Franciscan monks, who tend it with the most loving care. Gethsemane lies in the north-east corner, just outside the walls of Jerusalem. Leading past it is the road over the Mount of Olives which the disciples took when they fled from the horrors of the Crucifixion, only to return some weeks later as men inspired with a deep new-found belief

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—SCENE OF CHRIST'S AGONY BEFORE THE CRUCIFIXION: A spot hallowed in the annals of the Christian Church as it appears to-day. A view looking up the slopes of the Mount of Olives showing the Church of All Nations and behind it the Russian Church of St. Mary Magdalene. Of late years the simplicity and venerable aspect of Gethsemane have been much affected by unsightly walls

WHERE ROMAN SOLDIERY DISPORTED AND CHRIST WAS CONDEMNED: The Crypt of the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, one of the most important places in Jerusalem associated with the Bible story. This is believed to have marked the spot where Pontius Pilate sat in judgment, and from there Christ followed the Via Dolorosa to the place of Crucifixion. In the pavement of this crypt (now fully revealed) have been found chequer lines for a dicing board and other games played by the Roman soldiery

A TREASURED RELIC WITHIN THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH OF ALL NATIONS: Enshrined before the high altar is the stone which many believe was the actual Rock of Agony beside which Our Lord prayed before the hour of His betrayal. The Agony in the Garden is depicted in the mural above the altar. The situation of this celebrated church is shown in the general picture of Gethsemane

ADMIRAL BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE

And the Camp at Little America

GOOD-BYE TO LITTLE AMERICA—MEMBERS OF ADMIRAL BYRD'S PARTY SALUTE THE UNITED STATES FLAG WHEN ABOUT TO LEAVE THEIR MAIN BASE ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT: This was the dramatic scene as "Old Glory" was hoisted to the masthead in the presence of some of the 190 men who had established themselves on the Barrier and once again set up the Little America Base. Little America, which was also used by Byrd during his expedition in 1939-41, was opened up by the 1947 Expedition's advance party in January, and during February reconnaissance planes, taking off from the Little America airstrip; took part in a series of photographic reconnaissance flights which, in conjunction with those of the Western Task Force of the same expedition, have yielded the most spectacular results, making necessary modifications to all existing Antarctic maps. On one flight Byrd flew over the South Pole, dropping flags representing the United Nations

THE "BURTON ISLAND" MOORED AGAINST THE BARRIER ICE IN THE BAY OF WHALES: One of the ships of Admiral Byrd's fleet waiting to take off the members of the 1947 Expedition when they evacuated the Little America base after making a most successful series of photographic reconnaissance flights over the Antarctic Continent

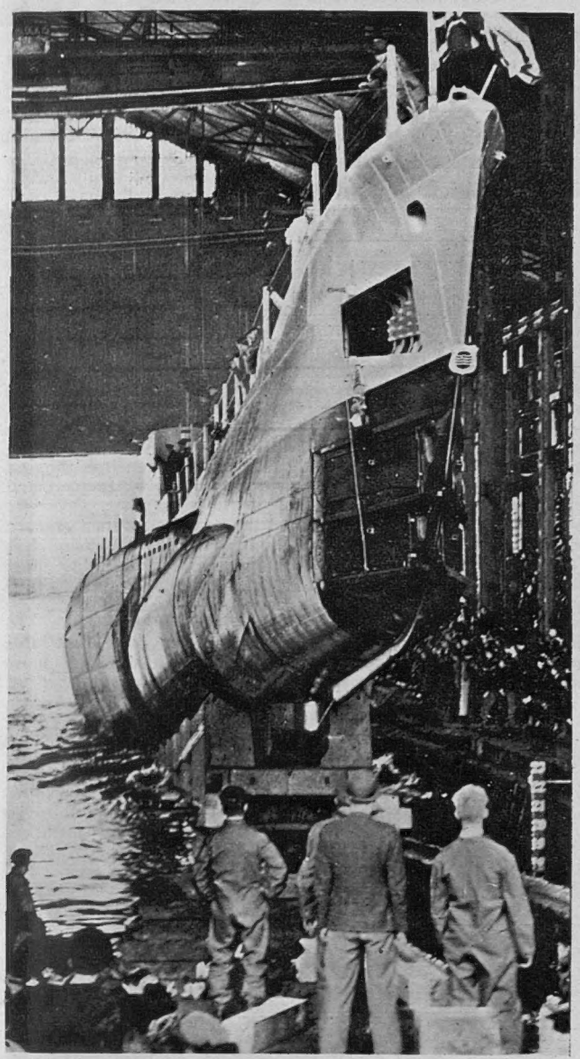
ADMIRAL RICHARD BYRD MAKES A DRAMATIC GESTURE: When this picture was taken the reconnaissance plane was circling above the South Pole, and the Admiral was about to drop a carton containing flags of all the fifty-four States which are members of the United Nations

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

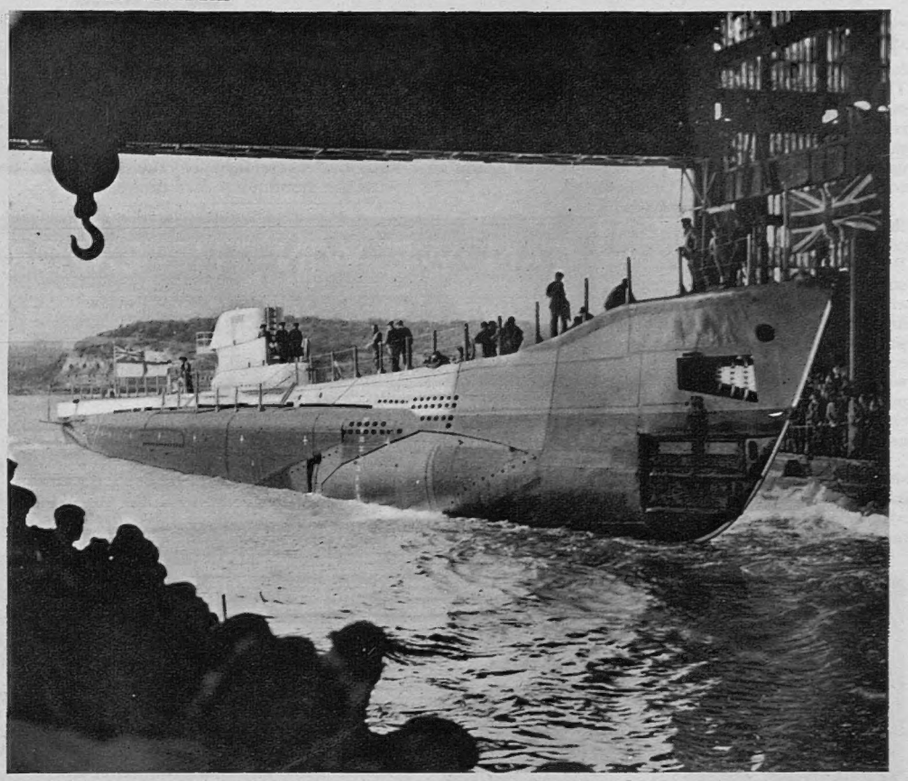
THE LAUNCH OF THE SUBMARINE "ACHERON"

A New "A"-Class Submarine Takes the Water

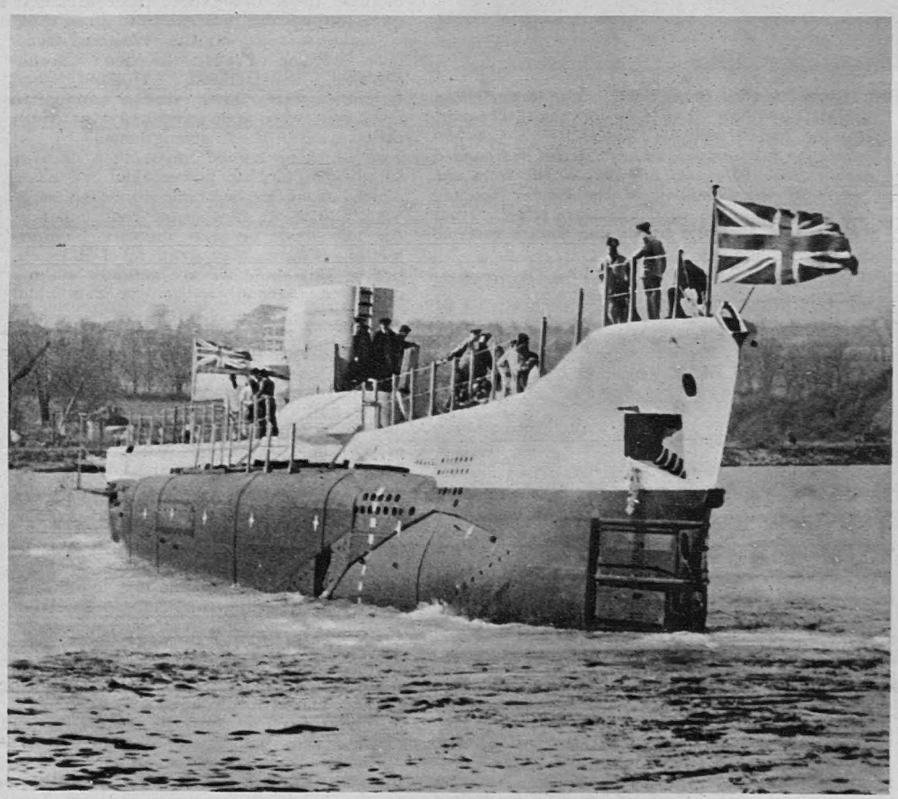


"ACHERON" LEAVES THE SLIPWAY: The new "A"-class submarine entering the water after being named and launched by Mrs. Midleton, wife of Rear-Admiral Midleton

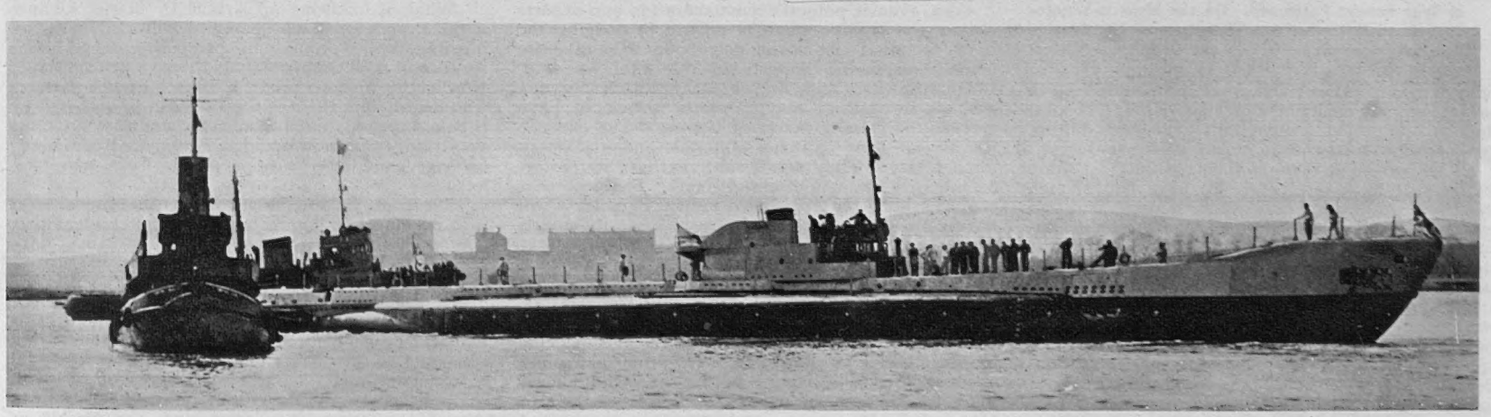
In Britain the launching of a new warship is a rarity these days, in large measure because the fate of navies hangs in the balance and atomic warfare has raised constructional problems as yet only half-understood. Lord Chatfield, however, declared only last week that the "Navy will never be an obsolete service," and he told his audience at the Institution of Naval Architects' Dinner, that, in the event of another war, he could foresee "the Cabinet ordering a battleship or perhaps a submarine to enable them to carry out their deliberations." Whatever the atomic position, however, it seems that we are continuing our production of the "A"-class submarines, and there is no doubt that these 1,200-ton craft, designed essentially for the Pacific War, are first-rate patrol vessels. They are really enlarged and improved editions of the celebrated "T" class, which did such sterling service in the Battle of the Atlantic and also in Mediterranean waters. At present most of the details of the *Acheron* are a secret, but it is probable that she will have at least ten 21-in. torpedo tubes. Her fuel capacity for long-range patrol would be at least 200 tons



THE NEW SUBMARINE GLIDES INTO HER ELEMENT: The "Acheron" leaving the launching shed at Chatham after being named by Mrs. Midleton, wife of the Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard. The "Acheron" is really an improved edition of the famous "T"-class submarines



IN THE WATERS OF THE MEDWAY: "Acheron" waiting to be towed to her fitting-out basin, where she will be made ready for service with the Royal Navy. Her displacement is 1,200 tons



THE SEVENTH SHIP OF HER NAME AND THE SEVENTEENTH OF HER CLASS: The submarine "Acheron" in charge of tugs after the launching ceremony. The "Affray," the first vessel of this class, was turned out in April 1944, but very few of these submarines were completed in time to take part in the Pacific War. They are a patrol type with a notably wide range of operations

CAN WE WIN THE EXPORT MARKETS?

The Coming Battle at the Geneva Conference

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE recent sale to France of part of "Mulberry" was symbolic of the change that is coming over foreign requirements of Britain in the export field. The artificial port of Arromanches, which is to be moved from one West African port to another, represents the peak so far achieved in engineering skill and enterprise, and such are the characteristics upon which foreigners are placing a new emphasis in considering imports from this country.

They are sheering away from the cheap manufactures and cotton and similar goods which Britain used to be able to supply so easily, and, instead, are inviting us to substitute highly-skilled and specialised products. As examples, radar equipment and jet engines, in which we are supreme, and penicillin, along with other chemical products in which we have shown marked advance since the assimilation of German patents.

This modification of foreign sales-acceptance represents the most urgent of the problems affecting each and every one of us with which our delegates will have to cope at the International Trade Conference that opens at Geneva on Thursday. In the midst of all our other worries, we have to face up to the necessity of changing our type of exports after a honeymoon period, a sellers' market, which did not equal expectations either in duration or extent.

NEW ZEALAND'S MIGHTY GESTURE: Mr. Hugh Dalton (right), Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, shaking hands with Mr. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, after the latter had handed him a cheque for £10,000,000, a gift from the people of the Dominion to the Mother Country in recognition of Britain's war effort. From Canada and Australia have come similar gestures

AMERICA PLANS AID TO GREECE AND TURKEY: Mr. Arthur Vandenburg (centre), Chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, discussing with Congressional colleagues and members of Mr. Truman's Executive the implications of the President's momentous foreign policy speech which constitutes such a radical departure for the United States. Seated on the left is Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson, and standing left is Secretary of War Robert Patterson. On the right is Senator Tom Connally, who was Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee before the Democratic defeat

As the principal manufacturing country, Britain will feel the blow most. As we have had enough unjustified optimism, let us not pretend that our struggle at Geneva will be other than most difficult, or that its result will not have a direct bearing on the Government's spending plans at home. At the same time the meeting will offer a fit opportunity to speak out in relation to the gross unfairness that has been our lot. Dotted round the hall will be delegates from countries whose present competitive powers and bank balances are what they are thanks in considerable degree to the wholly disproportionate sacrifices borne by Britain in laying the Hitler octopus, in whose tentacles such nations would be entwined to-day had this nation not possessed the requisite wealth to do the job it did. British trade policy is clear. We shall come out hot and strong for an expanding world market as the one means of bridging the grim years to better times. In our war on trade barriers we shall bargain for tariff reductions. We shall make a special bid for the hard currency countries and, one trusts, for a closer reciprocity with those peoples with whom we stand in alliance or near-alliance. And we shall uphold Imperial Preference to the licit limit compatible with the Dominions' own desires.

These aspects of our case are foregone conclusions. But, over and above them, let our delegation hit the maximum international publicity by stating starkly what 1939-45 cost us, because I am sure that not one person in ten, abroad, has an inkling of the real balance sheet (such as have prefer to say nothing about it).

One may not be able to increase exports by reading salutary lessons, but at least a less unfavourable atmosphere can be procured thereby—and we need it.

We know that success in exporting depends on two hard and fast factors. One is wholly our affair. The other is beyond us.

We have got to produce competitively. We cannot compete on their own grounds with countries having a really lower standing of living than our own, so we may as well forget about them. We must concentrate on lines of production where we have the advantage of skill or opportunity. Here, too, we are up against it, but that can't be helped. It is essential that we export to countries no less anxious to increase their own export trade in much the same lines, and usually better able to do so than ourselves.

Take a tour of the Western European horizon—France, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium. In three cases, productive resources were not strained by war; rather were they strengthened by it. Two of those named have much cheaper supplies of electric power than we have, which ought to be made to weigh more with France, in view of her coal demands. All five have far less military commitments. France may draw level later on, but at this stage we are actually making over war material to her at a nominal figure.

One wonders, incidentally, if we could not export more war material than we do. To proven friends, of course, for war-preventive purposes. In our yards, where half the ships for the whole world are being built, are many vessels of war, or swiftly convertible. We shall export jet-planes. Are we making all the use we could of factories that can still supply an army?

The second factor in this exporting business has to do with the capacity of other countries to buy, and here matters more or less pass out of our hands and considerably into America's. Effective demand depends not only on the rate at which world production increases, but, more directly, on the extent of the credits that are made available to countries whose resources have been wasted by war.

The United States will, naturally, lend first to nations who will spend the loan on American products—Uncle Sam has in this respect assumed the role that John Bull filled from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries—but we have to keep on hoping that some of the lent money will percolate in our direction.

Yet, even if potential customers for our exports obtain the credits, there is no use in dodging the harsh fact that our closest neighbours have taken to heavily restricting imports of the kind we send. Belgium, Switzerland, France, Denmark and Sweden are all restricting—maybe partly so as to have accrued bargaining power at Geneva. The effect is the same. They want raw materials and machinery for industry. They don't want textiles and motor-cars, luxury and non-essential goods. The best that can be said is that our third industry (motors) will have a breathing spell in which to bring its models nearer to foreign wishes and pockets.

The new importing mood was pithily put by a Rumanian high-up who dismissed an American pressman with this: "We don't want refrigerators, gramophone records and panties. We do want heavy industrial equipment, machinery and machine tools." The grim new fact being, that newcomer on newcomer is bursting into the industrial sphere. Places that were mostly pastoral are aiming to become local Brummagems.

Other countries are turning to Russia, whereas once they dealt almost exclusively with the West—Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Poland,

Nevertheless and all in all, we have asked for a portion of what we are battling against. In the back of every foreign delegate's mind at Geneva, will be our incredible fall-down over coal. So much so, that our team is quite likely to be told in as many words: "You want to send us exports? All right, we want your coal. You can't give it? Then we are sorry, but our finances do not allow us to buy much else from you at this stage."

And to think that a few years ago 2,000,000 tons was exported each month! Last month the total was 25,000 tons.

I suppose much of the above is another way of saying that the objective set by Sir Stafford Cripps for British exports is liable to recede from reach between now and next year's extinction of the American Loan. In the circumstances, I fail to see how this is to be averted and am such an unregenerate reactionary (who once signed for Republican Spain) as to believe that school age can wait while nourishment is put into British stomachs so that listless sinews and minds may be revived.

How this country can be expected to make an enormous new effort on Strachey's emptying food-shops, beats me. First things first, and now that the wicked buncombe about Britain being better fed than any other people in Europe, with the possible exception of Denmark and Sweden (*vide* Shawcross), has been exploded, let it be loud-spoken that the first requisites for an all-out export drive are food and machinery, not juvenile learning.

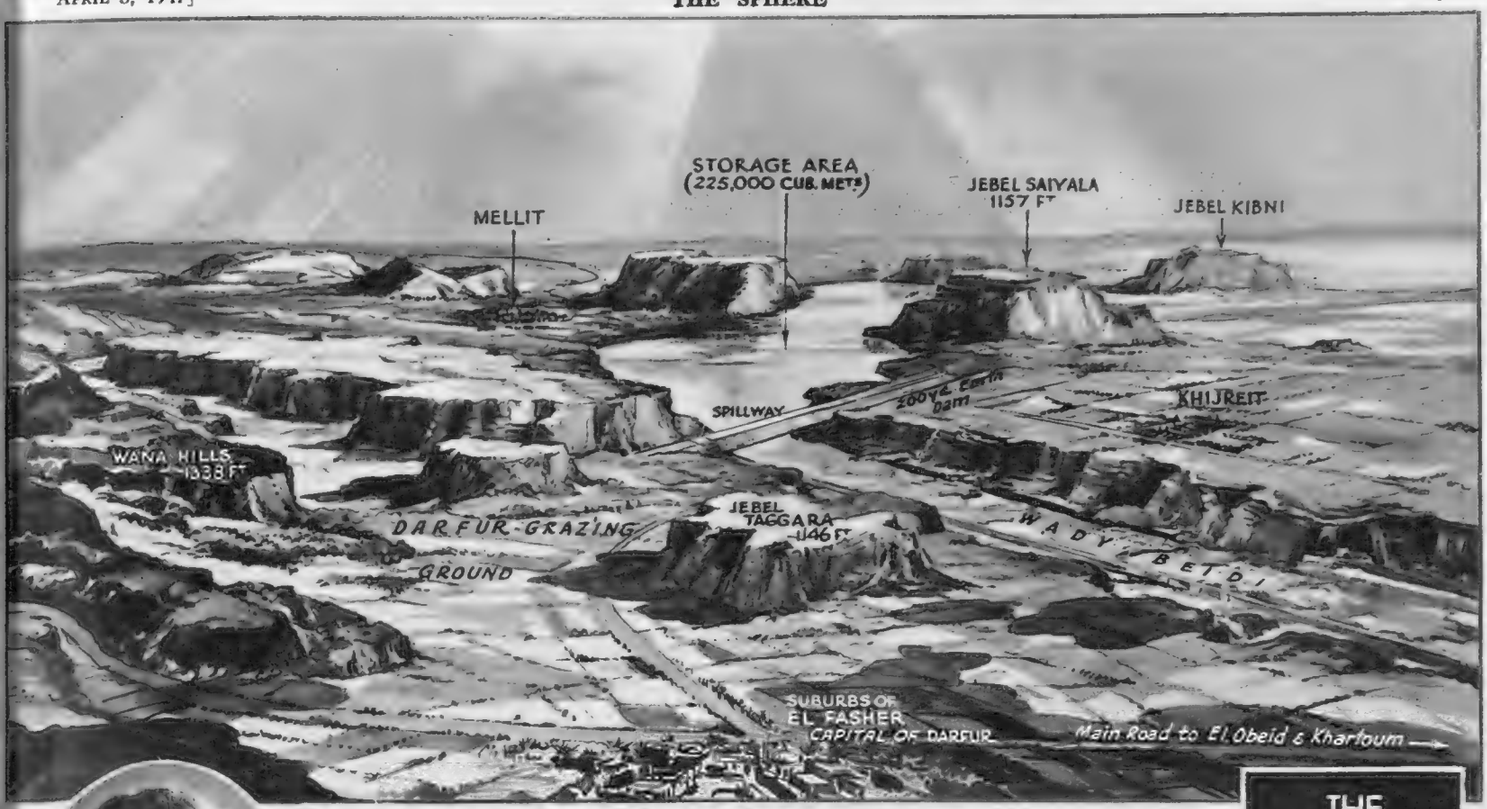
New driblets of food are promised from Denmark and Holland. The Danish abattoir chairman says "if" certain things happen, Britain "may start printing new and bigger bacon cards." I am reminded of Nat Gubbins's crack that whenever more bacon is acquired from Denmark, the rasher shrinks. In this case, however, provided we pay more this year than we did in 1946, when we paid more than we ever paid before, one-half of 1 per cent. of the population may expect more bacon. In the same way, the Argentine sticks ever-dizzier prices on its meat and cereals. On with the squeeze! Mr. Attlee's administration has quite enough difficulties in food purchasing without his acquiring additional ones by emptying his purse in, as yet, not imperative directions. For he can hardly avoid making fresh food contacts with our neighbours after the crowning flood losses to agriculture.

BRITAIN IS TO PAY HOLLAND £8,500,000: The scene at the Ministry of Transport, London, during the signing of the Anglo-Dutch Shipping Agreement which settles the bulk of the obligations arising out of the British use of Dutch merchant vessels during the war. About half the sum involved will pay for the reconversion of large passenger vessels used as troopships. Seated in the centre are Mr. Barnes, the Minister of Transport, and Dr. H. Vos, the Netherlands Minister of Transport. On the left is the Netherlands Ambassador, Jonkheer van Zerduynen

What of following up Article IV of the Alliance with France? Each party "will . . . take all possible steps to promote the prosperity and economic security of both countries." Is this so much verbiage? Now 's the time to prove it isn't. French farmers who hoard from their own people can be tempted by *le pound sterling*, via M. Ramadier, and they have the very things that now stand at Klondyke prices here: cabbage, cauliflower, turnips, onions, leeks, tomatoes, lettuces.

The trade balance is against us in France, as it is in neighbouring lands, but if the Government that goes to Geneva to strike "a big bargain" with seventeen nations, cannot strike one with our nearest neighbour, our chances are slim.

It will be a long business before that "big bargain" gets up to U.N.O. Next winter's crisis may intervene beforehand. It seems kindergarten reasoning to slow down grandiose schemes for social betterment which were devised when Britain was a roaring success, until after we know whether we can win the export markets that alone can enable us to pay for the grandiose schemes. Up till now this sort of reasoning has been sheer poison to the Government.



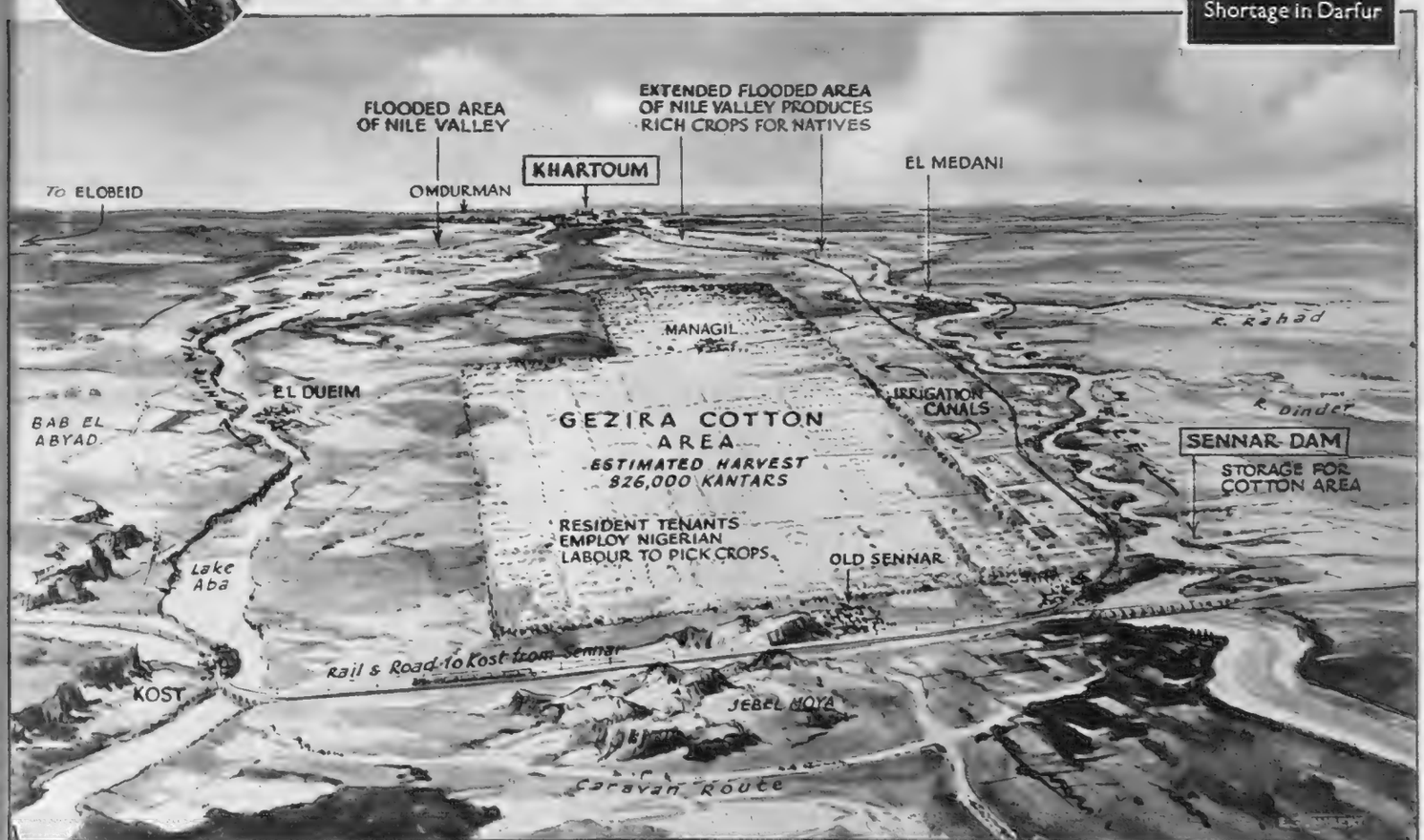
A PLAN TO STORE THE RAIN-WATER OF THE SUDAN: This diagrammatic sketch shows the situation of the 200-yard earth dam which the Sudan Government is now constructing at Mellit in order to save the cattle of the nomad Arabs in the parched Darfur area. The ancient wells are steadily drying up, and it is believed that this dam, with a storage capacity of 225,000 cubic metres, will retain sufficient water from the summer rains to avert danger to the cattle trade

On left—**THE SUDAN'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL:** Sir Robert Howe, who is leaving the Foreign Office to take up this vital post in the Condominium. At one time he was the British Minister in Abyssinia

THE SUDAN FACES VITAL PROBLEMS

Labour Shortage in the Cotton Fields: Water Shortage in Darfur

In going out to the Sudan at this juncture, Sir Robert Howe, the new Governor-General, takes command in a country beset by both political and agricultural problems. The political problems are, of course, bound up with Egyptian Nationalism and Egyptian aspirations with regard to the control of the Nile source. The agricultural problems are no less complex and are, as ever, linked with the question of water supply. It seems that while the nomads of Darfur Province are in danger of losing their livelihood through the drying-up of the wells, their brethren in the Gezira cotton area are so rich that they cannot be induced to carry on their usual seasonal occupation in the cotton-fields



THE GEZIRA COTTON AREA—THIS YEAR IT IS PRODUCING A BUMPER CROP, BUT SUCH IS THE LABOUR SHORTAGE ON THE UPPER NILE THAT IT IS DOUBTFUL IF IT WILL ALL BE GATHERED: This diagrammatic sketch shows the rich irrigated lands of the Gezira, between the Blue and White Niles, where it is estimated that 826,000 kantars of cotton will be produced in 1947 as compared with 695,000 kantars last season. (A kantar weighs just under 100 lbs.) The reason for the current labour shortage, which is almost certain to mean that part of the crop will go unharvested, is because neither the Arab nomads nor the riverain cultivators require outside work, the former being content to live on the accumulated profits of the war years, when they sold their cattle at high prices to the British Army, and the latter having become for the time being independent as a result of the very considerable enrichment of the earth following last year's floods. Officials of the two big cotton companies opening in the Gezira area have been combing other districts for hired labour, but it is no easy matter. The number of Nigerians in the Gezira, natives who halt for a short while on their journey to earn sufficient money to complete the Mecca pilgrimage, is quite inadequate to counterbalance the shortage of Sudanese labour—*Drawings by E. G. Lambert*

THE KING AND QUEEN ATTEND A CIVIC BALL ON THE NIGHT OF THEIR ARRIVAL IN DURBAN : The King with the Mayoress of Durban, and the Queen, a regal figure wearing the Ribbon of the Garter, in conversation with the Mayor of Durban. The Royal Family spent three days in the city, and in the course of their stay contrived to see and be seen by enormous numbers of their subjects

The Royal Tour of South Africa

THE VISITS TO DURBAN AND ZULULAND IN

The Royal tour of South Africa, which will soon be drawing to a close with the celebrations in Cape Town in honour of Princess Elizabeth's birthday, has been one of many contrasts. On some days the Royal Family have been in the heart of the native areas, the Transkei, the Ciskei, Basutoland and Zululand, and on the next they have been in the centre of great urban communities. The pictures on these pages present just such a contrast, for immediately after the Royal Family's visit to Eshowe, in colonial days the administrative capital of Zululand, they came down to the sea at Durban, which, despite its rickshaws, has much the aspect of an English seaside town, with its broad avenues and esplanades and its excited crowds all cheering in a notably English manner

THE ROYAL PARTY ARRIVES AT DURBAN CITY HALL : When this picture was taken the Queen, followed by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, was advancing to meet the Mayor and Mayoress. The three days in Durban provided the heaviest programme of the tour

THE KING OPENS A GATE OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE DURBAN W MEMORIAL : His Majesty, wearing tropical uniform and insig of Admiral of the Fleet, performing the inaugural ceremo

THE LAND OF SHIELDS AND ASSEGAIS : Two fine types of Zulu warrior who danced before the Royal Family when they paid a visit to Eshowe, in the heart of Zululand. The tossing plumes are vulture feathers

A VETERAN ZULU IN FULL REGALIA : An old warrior who came to Eshowe to greet the King and Queen

At Eshowe the Royal Family were greeted with a royal dance by warriors of the Zulu nation. A great column of warriors with ox-hides and vulture feathers, shields and assegais, went wheeling round the aerodrome, and after they had warmed up with a series of spectacular springs and crouches and fantastic caperings, they provided an impressively dramatic moment as, brandishing their assegais and knobkerries, they surged up to the very steps of the royal stand, almost shaking the earth with their naked feet. One correspondent described the beginning of the dance as a trifle self-conscious, as if the Zulus were out of dance practice, but of the enthusiasm at the climax there could be no doubt

LED THE HOMAGE OF THE ZULU NATION : Chief Cyprian, nineteen-year-old head of the Zulu royal house, was a resplendent figure. The Chief presented to the King a written copy of the loyal address in which veneration was expressed for the memory of Queen Victoria, who had shown such clemency towards the conquered Zulu nation. In the address King George was compared to "an elephant whose tread shakes the earth, and to a lion at whose voice all creation is respectfully silent"

THE INDIANS OF PIETERMARITZBURG STAGE A WELCOME FOR THE ROYAL VISITORS : With guitar, castanet and harmonium they accompany the singing of "God Save the King." Of the 1,200 Indians who live in the Natal capital, 1,000 turned up to see the King and Queen and the Princesses—a striking demonstration of the failure of the Natal Congress Party to carry out its threat of boycotting the tour. In Durban, where the Indians are most numerous, they gave the Royal visitors a particularly vociferous welcome

A Foreign News Survey

RECENT EVENTS ON FOUR CONTINENTS

AMERICA'S LATEST CRUISER IS READY TO TAKE THE WATER: The 17,000-ton warship lying on the stocks at Newport News, Virginia, before last month's launching ceremony. The *Newport News*, a sister-ship of the *Dallas*, the *Des Moines* and the *Salem*, will be armed with nine 8-in. guns in triple turrets and she will be able to bring fire to bear at four times the rate of the 8-in.-gun cruisers of the Baltimore class. Her armament will be radar-laid. Eight-inch guns are essentially a feature of heavy U.S. cruisers, the lighter British cruisers, such as *Superb*, *Swiftsure* and *Belfast*, all carrying 6-in. guns. *Newport News* will have a speed in excess of 30 knots

HE HAS JUST HEARD THAT THE WAR IS OVER: Vassili Rambovski, ex-Russian soldier and escaped prisoner of war, seen at Trondheim police-station in Western Norway after he had been discovered sleeping in the outhouse of a farm building. Vassili was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1941, and in 1943 they moved him to a prisoner-of-war camp in Norway. From that camp he made his escape in 1944, and since then he has been living in hiding, quite unaware that hostilities were over. On being found Vassili jumped to attention and put his hands up

BEFORE THE PEACE WAS SIGNED IN INDONESIA: Lieut.-General Soedirman, the Indonesian Commander-in-Chief, seen during a recent inspection of the front south of Surabaya. When this picture was taken there had been a renewed outbreak of hostilities, but on March 25, as the culmination of thirteen months' negotiations between the Dutch and the Indonesians, peace was signed at the Palace, Batavia, Dr. Van Mook, the Dutch Lieut.-Governor-General, and Dr. Sjahrir, the Indonesian Premier, being among the signatories. Whether the signing of peace will lead to Dutch and Indonesian co-operation in Java is another matter, as both sides may interpret the agreement in their own way

THE LIFTING OF STATUTORY MARTIAL LAW IN PALESTINE: People of Jerusalem awaiting the removal of the barbed-wire entanglements cutting off a controlled zone from a free zone. The curfew law enforced in some parts of the city was also rescinded. The basis of the Government's decision to end martial law was that as the troops had already received some co-operation from the public in rooting out terrorists, it had been decided to relax the new laws in the hope of obtaining still further co-operation. The view has also been expressed that martial law is useless as a weapon against terrorism and only strangles the economic life of the country. There is every evidence to show that imposition of martial law has resulted in big trading losses among the Jewish and Arab communities in the controlled zones

REHEARSING FOR THE WICHITA MOUNTAIN PASSION PLAY—AN ANNUAL EASTER EVENT IN THE HILLS ABOVE LAWTON, OKLAHOMA : *Left*—Jesus pauses in His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and (*right*) Mary kneels before the crosses on the summit of Calvary. The play will take place during Lawton's Easter Sunrise Service, and this year, the twenty-second consecutive year of production, some sixty-six scenes will be enacted. The Mayor of Lawton, business men and housewives have been working on the costumes and scenery for this ambitious production. The Rev. Mark Wallock, who has been supervising the details of the production from a sick-bed, has selected as the theme for the year "One God One World, One Brotherhood." Wichita Mountain is not to be confused with better-known Wichita, Kansas

THE ARAB LEAGUE PLUNGES STILL DEEPER INTO WORLD POLITICS : The scene at the League's recent momentous meeting in Cairo when it was formally decided to institute a Political Committee. This Committee has since been actively at work, and among other things has made pronouncements on the Palestine situation, rejecting the proposal of the Secretary-General of the United Nations that a fact-finding Commission should be sent to Jerusalem. The Arab League Council has also been outspoken in its support of Egyptian national demands for the complete and immediate evacuation of the Nile Valley by British troops and the unification of the Valley under the Egyptian Crown. The League, it seems, is equally concerned with the future of Libya, and the Egyptian Premier, Nokrashy Pasha, states that it will use all its efforts to free the territory from foreign domination. The new Political Committee includes the Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers of the leading Arab States

ACCUSED OF CONSPIRING AGAINST THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT : Dr. Donat, General Veres, and Istvan Szentmiklossy, three of the thirteen men (some of them members of the Smallholders' Party) who have been facing trial in Budapest on a charge of attempting a *coup d'état*. Donat acknowledged the charges against him, but pleaded not guilty "from a moral point of view." He admitted there had been a scheme aimed at taking over power in the summer of this year. When asked whether there had or had not been the intention to restore Horthy, he replied that such a possibility had never been discussed

THE BATTLE STILL RAGES ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIERS OF GREECE : Regular troops of the Greek Regular Army about to leave Salonika for the guerrilla zones in the far north. The convoy is made up of ex-Royal Air Force lorries. Speaking in New York last week, Mr. Herbert Hoover, last Republican President of the United States, referred to the chaos and misery now existing in Greece. "This could be lifted by one man in the world—if he is willing." That man, he said, is Marshal Joseph Stalin. "It is within his power to stop the aggressive war in the form of guerrilla raids from Yugoslav, Bulgarian and Albanian territory; it is within his power to see that Communist bands in Greece stop killing and abide by constitutional means to express their views. That would bring peace to Greece; then American aid could be devoted to restoring productivity"

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN PAY A VISIT TO THE IMPERIAL FORESTRY BUREAU IN TOKYO : They are seen inspecting specimens brought from the Imperial forests. The visit had a special significance, as the Bureau is about to become State property, and from it will be administered the vast forest lands which the Emperor has been compelled to give up in order to meet property taxes. For well over a year now the Emperor and Empress have been seen widely in public, and citizens of Tokyo are now thoroughly used to their appearances, which have been shorn of their once divine aspect

THE NORTHERNMOST POINT OF MACQUARIE ISLAND : This aerial view, showing beneath the conical hill a hut erected by Sir Douglas Mawson's expedition, was taken from the Australian bomber which carried out, in March, a photographic reconnaissance of this remote island lying on the Antarctic fringe. The bomber made the non-stop journey to and from Macquarie in 14½ hours, covering in all 2,800 miles in adverse weather

FLYING OVER GRIM MACQUARIE

A Remote Island of the Antarctic Viewed from an Australian Bomber

Macquarie Island, once a famous sealing ground, lies in latitude 55 degrees far to the south-west of New Zealand, a grim and forbidding sentinel upon the Antarctic fringe. Of recent weeks this remote strip of land, 20 miles long and barely 4 miles wide, has leapt into the news as a result of a visit paid by an Australian-built Lincoln bomber. The bomber flew 1,400 miles south to Macquarie and returned non-stop in the space of 14½ hours, bringing detailed photographic records of the island which will be of vital use to the Australian Antarctic Expedition when it sets out this summer. The expedition will in all probability use Macquarie as its main base, and it will most certainly establish there a meteorological station. The pictures on this page show traces left by commercial expeditions to the island, and also a hut built by Sir Douglas Mawson, who in the 1930's touched at Macquarie in the course of his exploratory journeys along the Antarctic coast. Macquarie, for the most part, consists of a great central plateau from which rise, often sheer from the sea, individual peaks of 1,500 ft. or more. One of the first explorers to mention the island was Wilkes, who called there in 1840

On left—**ONCE IT WAS A FAMOUS HUNTING-GROUND : Another aerial view from the Australian reconnaissance bomber showing seals lying in the mud near the shores of Macquarie Island. Near by are remnants of the machinery used by former commercial expeditions to render "sea-bird oil" from the penguins captured on the island**

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE : With mud flying as hooves pounded the sodden ground, the field for the Lincolnshire Handicap rounds the bend into the straight. On the rails is Val de Grace, and behind him is the winner, the 100 to 1 Jockey Treble. Gordon Richards, on Poolfix, can be clearly seen in the centre

A SENSATIONAL RACE FOR THE LINCOLN

A 100-1 Outsider Wins in the Last Few Strides

THE FIELD BEGINS TO STRING OUT : At this stage the field had only gone a furlong and the leaders were all out to avoid the bottleneck at the bend, where it was feared that trouble would develop. The Lincoln field of forty-six runners was by far the biggest on record. Owing to the flooding they used the round course

THE COMBINATION THAT SURPRISED THEM ALL : Jockey Treble, the 100 to 1 winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, is led in after his storming finish. The jockey is Mercer, who drove his mount between the leaders

A STORMING FINISH : The 100 to 1 outsider Jockey Treble passing the post a neck in front of Persian Book (extreme right) and Querneuville. Mercer rode with tremendous dash, and when Querneuville swerved under the whip in the last 100 yards, he pushed through the gap to gain a brilliant victory

The Lincolnshire Handicap, first big race of the first full season of flat racing since 1939, could not have been more spectacular, even if it had been staged by Hollywood. All the ingredients of drama were there in full measure. A bumper field of forty-six runners, which it was only just possible to start in one line ; a bottleneck near the point where the field had to negotiate a sharp bend into the straight ; and a waterlogged course inevitably made the race more of a lottery than ever. In addition, there was a determined French challenge, with Vagabond II made the medium of what would have been a big coup. What happened ? Most of the favourites were nowhere ; but two fancied runners in Persian Book and the Frenchman Querneuville fought their way to the front and battled out a terrific race up the straight. One hundred yards from home, when the issue seemed to lie between these two, the eighteen-year-old apprentice jockey, E. Mercer, carrying no more than 6 stone, drove the ex-plater Jockey Treble up to the leaders, and, as Querneuville swerved under the whip, he went through the gap to pass Persian Book a few strides from the post. The owner of Jockey Treble, Mr. Oxenham, was surprised and jubilant at his horse's success, but no less jubilant were a few thousand fellow turf accountants who have been languishing during two months of " no horses " and " no dogs "

WITH THE ANTARCTIC WHALING FLEET

Some of the Varied Craft Which Have Been Operating this Winter in the Far South

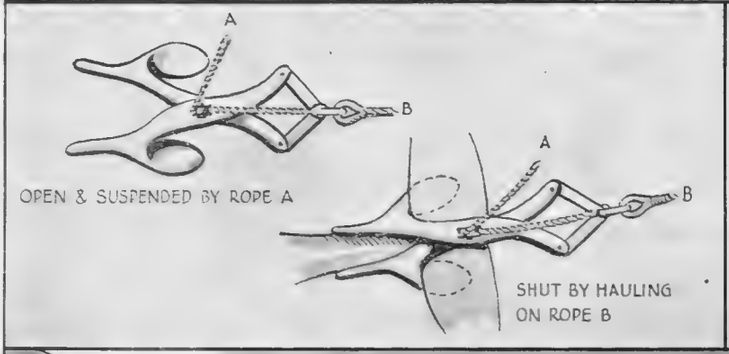
Reports from the Antarctic indicate that the whaling season of 1946-47 is proving very much more profitable than its predecessor, and that as a result of its success Britain's supply of fats in the coming year will be greatly augmented. The floating factory ship *Balaena*, accompanied by amphibian spotting planes and harpooning vessels, had obtained 166,450 barrels of whale and sperm oil by the end of the third week in March, according to a report published in the *Financial Times*, and there is no doubt that these modern methods are proving themselves abundantly. The season does not close until next week, but already the *Balaena* is far in excess of her target figure. Altogether sixteen factory ships have been at work in the Antarctic during the winter. Of these, seven are Norwegian, four are British, one is Dutch and two are Japanese (by kind permission of General MacArthur). The factory ships fall into two categories—the seven modern ships which were specially designed for the job, and those which were bought second-hand as passenger liners, tankers, etc., and then reconstructed. Both categories are represented in the drawings on these pages.

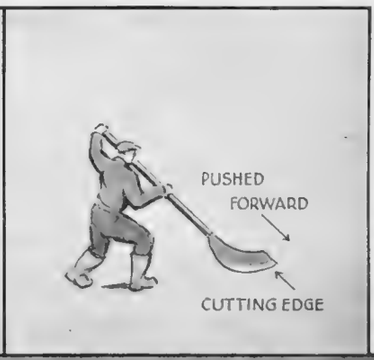
Undoubtedly the greatest interest attaches to the 15,000-ton *Balaena*, owned by United Whalers Ltd., of London. This vessel was completed last September by Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, and is scientifically equipped for every phase of the work in hand. Neatly stowed in her hangar are three Supermarine Walrus flying-boats. The amphibians, which the *Balaena* catapults from her deck with a cordite charge and recovers with a crane, act as the eyes of the whaling fleet, and it is their task to plot the positions of the whales and send the information by wireless to the whale-catching vessels acting as satellites to the *Balaena*. After the whales have been caught by the harpoon guns they are taken to the *Balaena* and hauled up the slipway to the great flensing-deck.

Of all the converted ships in the whaling fleet the *Antarctic* is noteworthy as being the only one to have her ramp fitted forrard in the bows. Norwegian-owned, she was built on the Tyne in 1913 as the Eagle Oil tanker *San Gregorio*. Later she became the Norwegian *C. A. Larsen*, and during the war she was used by the Germans as a depot ship.

Another converted ship is the Norwegian 12,084-ton *Pelagos*, formerly the famous White Star liner *Athenic*, and now forty-five years old.

On left—**THE WHALER "ANTARCTIC": This is the only ship in the 1946-47 fleet to have her slipway forward. Up this the harpooned whales are drawn on to the flensing-deck and there prepared for treatment in the ship's reduction plant. The "Antarctic" is Norwegian-owned, but she was built on the Tyne in 1913**



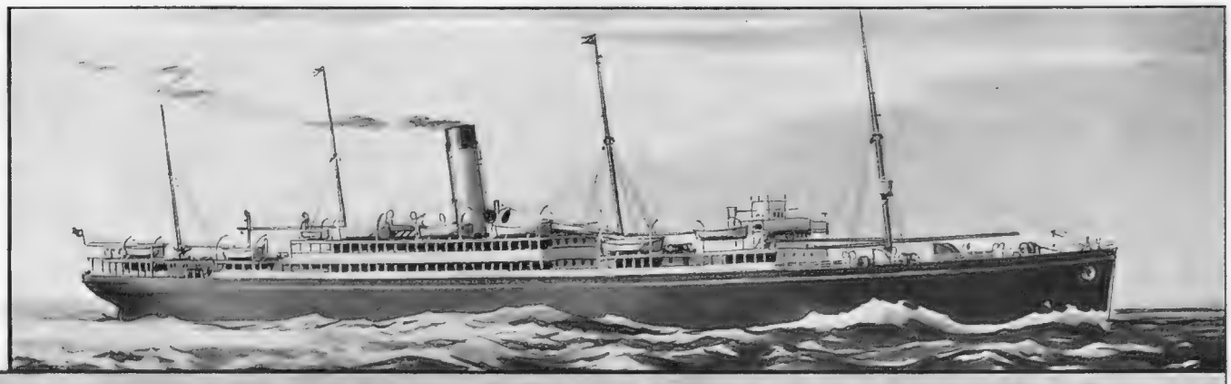


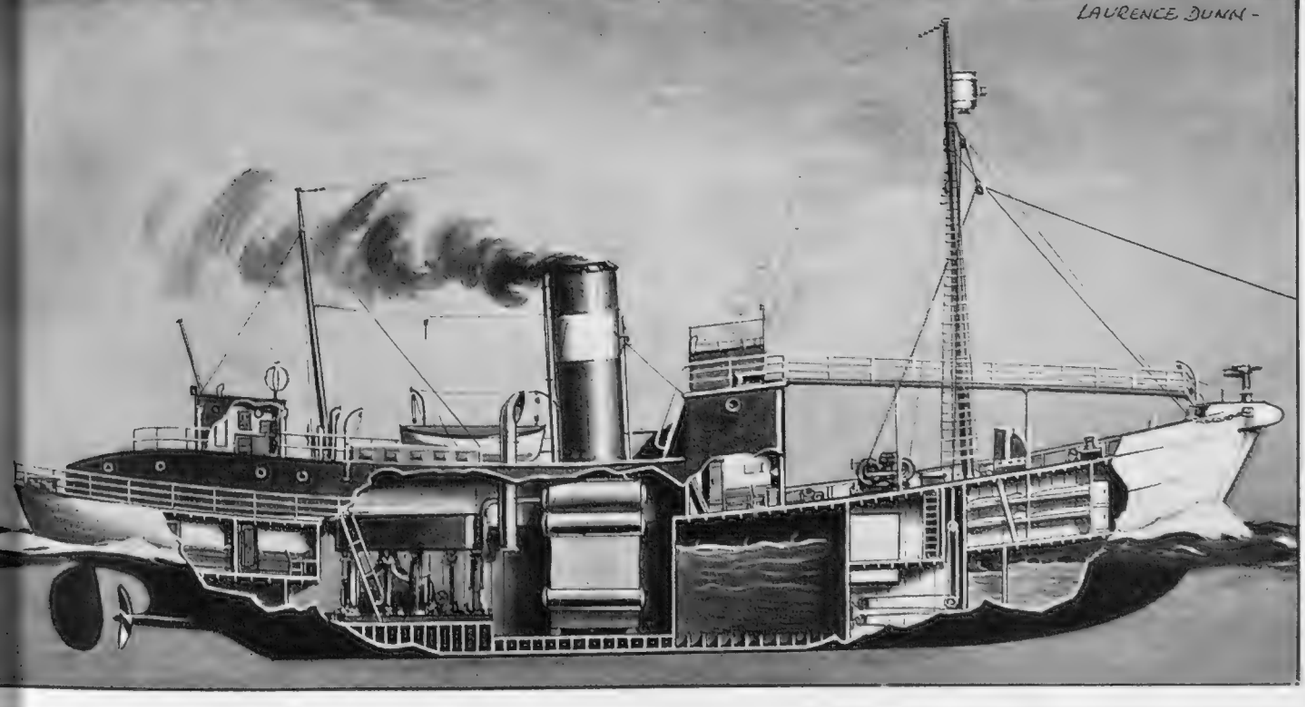
On left—**HOW WHALES ARE HAULED ABOARD A FACTORY SHIP: A diagrammatic sketch showing the scissors grip with which the giant carcasses are held on being taken from the water and brought up the slipway to the flensing-deck. On the right of the diagram is an example of one of the giant flensing knives manipulated by the crew**

A TANKER COMES ALONGSIDE A WHALE FACTORY SHIP TO TAKE OFF SOME OF HER OIL: During a three-months season in the Antarctic, a factory ship, such as the "Balaena," produces over 150,000 barrels of whale oil, so it becomes necessary from time to time to transfer the surplus oil before further whaling operations are continued. This drawing shows in the foreground the slipway of the whale factory ship. The whales are hauled up this slipway by wire ropes attached with the scissors grip shown in the centre of this page. They have previously been caught with harpoons fired from whale-catching vessels

In right—**A VETERAN OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC TURNS WHALER:** The forty-five-year-old White Star liner "Athenic" as she appeared in her heyday as a passenger vessel. This 12,000-ton liner is now a whaler in the Norwegian service and registered under the name of "Pelagos." In the last whaling season the "Pelagos" assisted her fellow whaler "Antarctic" on her journey back to Cape Town

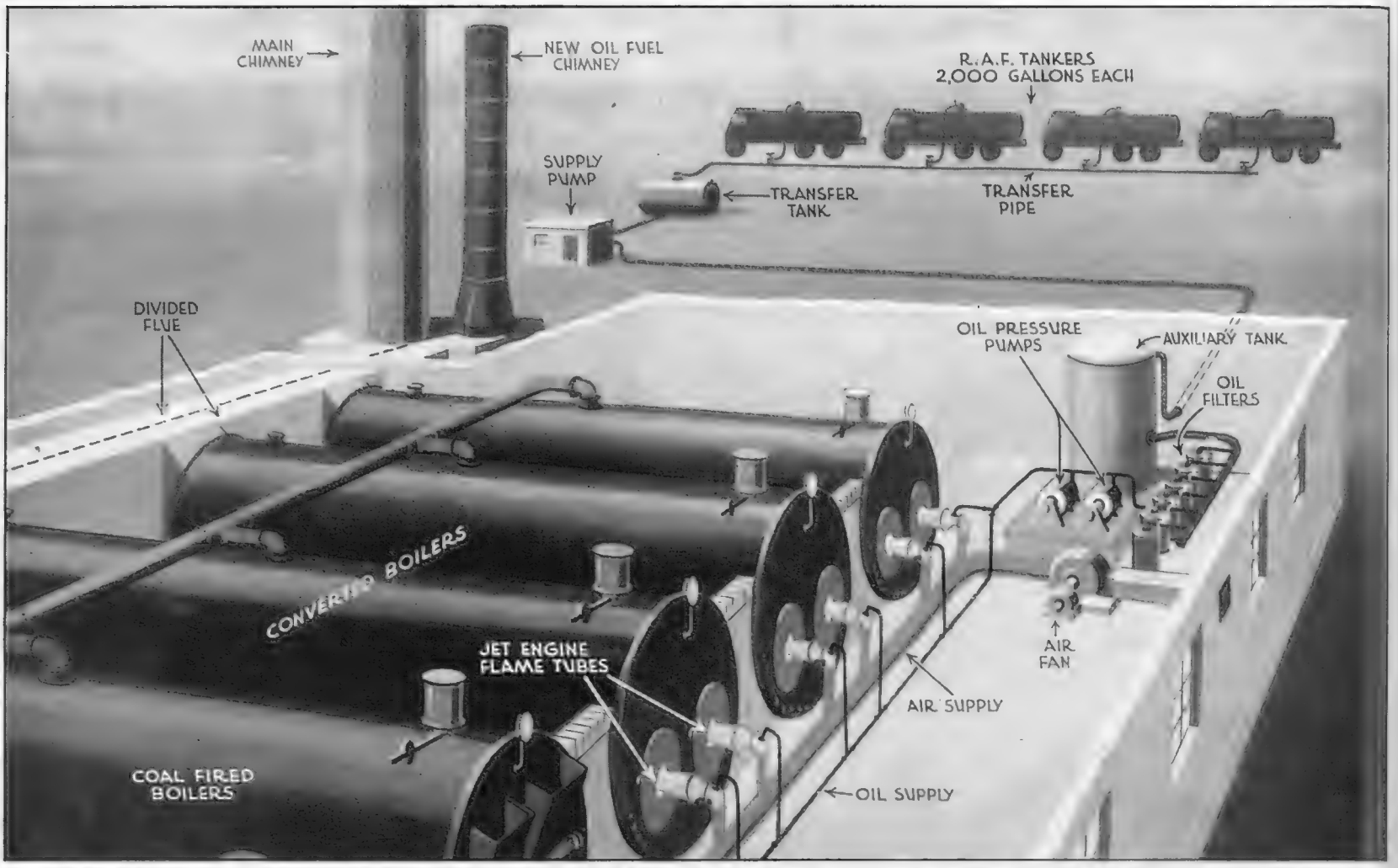
(Drawings by Laurence Dunn)





THREE TYPES OF WHALING VESSEL: In the foreground is a typical modern whale-catcher, a harpoon vessel which acts as satellite to the factory ship. The *Balaena* (centre) is the latest type of factory ship, and she is equipped with Walrus flying-boats for spotting whales from the air. Behind the *Balaena* is the *Pelagos*, the former White Star liner *Athenic*, which is now operating in the Norwegian service

On left—**A TYPICAL WHALE-CATCHING VESSEL:** A 350-ton ship used in the Antarctic for harpooning the whales and bringing them to the factory ship. The harpoon gun is installed in the bows and a gangway enables the gunner to dash from bridge to gun at a moment's notice. This is known as the "Skytter's" gangway



HOW A LANCASHIRE FACTORY HAS TACKLED THE FUEL PROBLEM—THE BOILERS ARE CONVERTED FROM COAL TO OIL AND FITTED WITH FLAME TUBES FROM A ROLLS ROYCE NENE JET ENGINE: A sketch showing the conversion carried out at A. V. Roe's Chadderton factory, an emergency measure during the fuel crisis and possibly a permanent feature. Air supply from a fan delivering 9,000 cubic feet of air per minute is ducted to the burners, and these send tongues of flame and hot gases down the 30-ft. length of each boiler. The three boilers save 45 tons of coal per day—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

COMBATING the NATION'S FUEL PROBLEM

How Coal Can Be Saved and Coal Production Increased

Last week the Premier announced the first details of the new Government plan to save fuel, a plan that will set a fuel target in every home; and meanwhile in every part of the country leading industrial concerns are directing their attention to the problems of coal conservation in their factories, and at the other end of the scale mining engineers are seeking ways and means of driving up output. Both these aspects of the fuel problem are dealt with on this page, and many will be interested to hear what A. V. Roe and Co. have achieved at their Chadderton factory with the aid of jet components. At the height of the fuel crisis, with only sufficient coal to heat a fraction of the 1,000,000 square feet at Chadderton, Mr. J. Green, Controller-General, Engineering, working night and day for one week with sixty men of all trades, converted three of the seven Lancashire boilers at the factory to burning oil fuel. The boilers, 30 ft. long and 8 ft. 6 in. in diameter, were fed by Hodgekinson Patent Stokers, and the conversion itself involved removal of the stokers and installation of six flame tubes from a Rolls Royce Nene jet engine, in addition to the fuel- and air-supply apparatus. Four 2,000-gallon tankers, on loan from the R.A.F., provide the storage capacity. The supply pump, housed in an adjacent Home Guard ammunition hut, feeds the fuel to an auxiliary tank in the boiler-house annexe. After filtering it is force-fed at a pressure of 100 to 150 lb. per square inch to the burners. Air supply from a fan delivering 9,000 cubic feet of air per minute is ducted to the burners, two of which are fitted to each boiler. In operation, a tongue of flame and hot gases surges down the 30-ft. length of each boiler. Normal daily consumption of the three boilers is 2,700 gallons of fuel oil as against 45 tons of coal

THIS COAL-CUTTING MACHINE HAS INCREASED PRODUCTION BY 400 TONS PER WEEK—A CUTTER INVENTED BY A MOTHERWELL FIRM IN ACTION IN THE FRANCIS COLLIERY, NEAR KIRKCALDY, FIFESHIRE: The machine, with its saw edge at work at the base of the seam, is undermining the coal, and this can then be got out and loaded into "trams" in quick time. Not every pit is suited to this type of machine, but where it can be used the average increase in production should be 25 per cent. It is far superior to many of the American coal-cutting machines and enjoys unusual freedom from breakdowns. Although the whole future of coal production in this country also depends on man-power, it is vital that every pit should have modern coal-cutters, and several remarkable inventions have been placed on the market. One of them, the Meco-Moore (illustrated in "The Sphere" of November 2, 1946) is operated by a team of fourteen, and it is capable of an output of 300 tons per hour. Miners working on the Meco-Moore can earn up to £3 each shift

SELBY BECAME AN ISLAND WHEN THE YORKSHIRE OUSE SPREAD FAR AND WIDE: An aerial view of the town showing the flood-free square mile in the centre. It was there that 3,000 refugees gathered last week after being rescued from their homes, but they refused to be evacuated to other towns, even though two special trains stood by for them. "We would rather be near our homes" was the general opinion. Altogether 17,000 people in Selby and district have been isolated by the floods, and the Army has played a large part in effecting rescues. Dominating the centre of this picture is the famous Abbey Church

The FLOODED TOWN of SELBY

Where 17,000 People were Isolated After the Yorkshire Ouse had Overflowed its Banks

A VAST LAKE IS FORMED IN SELBY'S INUNDATED SUBURBS: Some of the isolated houses in the Yorkshire town surrounded by the Ouse floods

As the emergency in the Fens receded with the receding floodwaters and the closing of the great gaps at Earith and Southery, a new flood crisis developed, this time in the North Country, and last week the Yorkshire town of Selby was wholly cut off by road from the outside world. 17,000 people in Selby were isolated in their homes, and of these 3,000 had to be rescued in amphibious and other vehicles as the floodwaters rose to the height of first-floor windows. On one day nurses in Selby Hospital worked barefoot for eight hours in 8 ins. of water as the River Ouse floods swept into two ground-floor wards. Fourteen men and women patients could not be moved from the hospital. At the Selby Institution there were similar scenes, twenty patients in ground-floor wards being completely marooned with water nearly up to the bed-clothes. Although 3,000 people refused to be evacuated to other towns, Selby was in serious plight last week with no drinking-water, little food and a spring tide pushing the floodwaters yet higher. Army field kitchens made soup for the flood victims, and fish, railed to retailers in the town, was distributed to the people free

FROM FENLAND TO SNOWDONIA

A Pictorial Survey of the Home News

HOW THEY FILLED THE EARITH GAP—A DRAMATIC CHAPTER IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE FENLAND FLOOD: A view of the breach at Earith after it had been sealed off with ten Neptune Amphibious Army vehicles which were placed end to end in the gap and packed with sandbags, thus creating a firm resistance to the flood-waters which for several days rushed unchecked through the 170-ft. breach. At first the Royal Engineers attempted to lower a Bailey span into the gap, filling this with sandbags and other material. When this scheme proved impracticable they decided to use the Neptunes. These vehicles, each weighing 15 tons and costing £15,0 served the purpose admirably. Before the Earith gap was finally closed nearly 400 troops had been brought into act

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE CAIRNGORMS : An instructress demonstrating foot- and hand-holds. The Scottish section of the Central Council of Physical Recreation have been holding a mountaineering and ski-ing course in the Cairngorms. Their headquarters are at Aviemore, in Inverness-shire, and Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton is one of their instructors. Learners from all over England have made use of this unique opportunity. In this picture, Beatrice Bowyer, an E.V.T. Instructor in the W.R.N.S. shows some of them how to chip foot- and hand-holds on a frozen burn in the Cairngorms

EASTBOURNE PIER WILL BE READY FOR THE WHITSUN HOLIDAYS : A vi of the partly reconstructed decking. In the first year of the war t pier was partly demolished as an anti-invasion measure, and later it was damag both by bombs and mines. Last year the pier was partly open to the pub once again, but it offered no amenities. For 1947 all the kiosks have been tea-rooms are opened and concrete is being used to replace missing deck plan

THE PHOTO-FINISH ON BRITAIN'S RACECOURSES : Instructor K. J. Dunkin son using a model racecourse to explain a technical point to one of the men now being trained in London to operate the photo-finish cameras. Last year, it will be remembered, the photo-finish system was tried out at one of the big meetings at Newmarket, and it proved so successful that it is being adopted officially. Mobile squads of cameramen will set up the apparatus on each course for the period of a meeting, and they will be able to supply the judge with an almost immediate record of the placings. The system is being worked with marked success on London greyhound tracks. The photo-finish camera is of particular value on the wider racecourses where horses may be 30 or 40 yards apart and yet be concerned in a finish of "heads

THEY WANT TO SETTLE IN AUSTRALIA : Would-be emigrants making enquiries in the Migration Office at Australia House, London, where they receive details of the Government-assisted scheme. Australia House already has a waiting list of 160,000 men and women who wish to settle in the Commonwealth, and applications are still pouring in on the staff at the rate of 1,000 a week. The assisted scheme has just come into operation, and in the first year it is hoped to send out at least 10,000 new settlers. Three liners, the *Ormonde*, the *Ranchi* and the *Chitral*, will all be engaged in the work of transporting the emigrants

MR. HERBERT MORRISON LEAVES HOSPITAL : The Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons shakes hands with the matron of the L.C.C. Hospital, Du Cane Road, Hammersmith, at the end of his stay. Mr. Morrison has been suffering from thrombosis, and before returning to work he is expected to take a holiday of several weeks. He hopes to be at work again in time for the Socialist Party's Annual Conference, which this year is being held at Margate, and bids fair to be quite as lively as any of its predecessors

B.U.s AND THE DYING CURSE OF TICHBORNE : The Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth blessing the flour before its distribution to the tenants by Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne (left). This year the famous Tichborne Dole was nearly stopped as a result of a misunderstanding at the Ministry of Food. According to family legend, the dole has been given since 1150, when from her death-bed Lady Mabel Tichborne pleaded with her husband, Roger, to give annually the produce of a small portion of his estates to the poor. He agreed to give the value of the acres she could encompass while holding a flaming torch. Rising from her bed, she crawled around twenty-three acres, and then, just before she died, charged her husband and his heirs to give the dole every year. If they failed, she prophesied, seven sons would be born to the house, followed by a generation of seven daughters, and then the ancient name of Tichborne would die and the manor-house fall. The dole of bread was distributed for 644 years until it was stopped by order of the magistrates. Sir Henry Tichborne, who was then living, had seven sons, the house fell down, and seven daughters were born to the heir. Sir Henry's third son, Edward, reinstituted the dole. This year the Ministry of Food, after originally agreeing to issue B.U.s to Sir Anthony, suddenly changed its mind—apparently a "departmental error" had occurred. Accordingly, members of the general public gave their own B.U.s

SIR ANTHONY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE DISTRIBUTES THE TICHBORNE DOLE : Doling out a portion of flour to Mrs. A. Baker, one of the oldest inhabitants of the Tichborne estate. Only half a gallon of flour was given to each adult this year on account of the B.U. situation. The B.U.s were all presented by the public, the Ministry of Food having refused to make a grant

A PASSION PLAY IS PRESENTED BY THE PEOPLE OF A CORNISH VILLAGE : The cast assembled on the stage in the Church of St. Mary, Callington, where, as a preparation for Holy Week and Easter, they presented Irene Caudwell's "By Thy Glorious Resurrection." The cast was entirely made up of local talent, including an insurance agent, a farmer, a plumber, a dairymaid, a quarryman, a schoolmaster and a number of school-children. The Callington Nativity and Passion plays are becoming well known throughout Cornwall. This year the B.B.C. made a recording of the play for future transmission

FIGHTING FOR THE LIVES OF HER STARVING SHEEP IN THE WILDS OF SNOWDONIA : Mrs. Esme Firbank searching for members of her flock trapped in debris caused by the floods in the valley of Capel Curig, near Snowdon. The number of sheep lost in Britain during the arctic weather was over 1,000,000, and Mrs. Firbank has, in common with many Welsh farmers, sustained heavy losses. Throughout the cold spell she tramped the hill country feeding the sheep and rescuing those too weak to walk. Normally over 1,000 lambs are born every year in her flocks, but she considers she will be fortunate if she has 500 this year

ELIZABETHAN MELODRAMA

at the Duchess Theatre

and

GRAND OPERA

at Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden

The great interest in classic drama at the present time developed considerably during the war and seems now to be one of the surest forms of box-office success. Before the war, Elizabethan drama meant Shakespeare, and few other dramatists of the period were known to the public. John Webster was one of the neglected, yet now we have a rich production of *The White Devil*, following the success of *The Duchess of Malfi* in 1945-46. The drama has been very finely produced (by Michael Benthall) and cast so that the unlikely story with its inhuman characters becomes at once vivid and convincing to a present-day audience

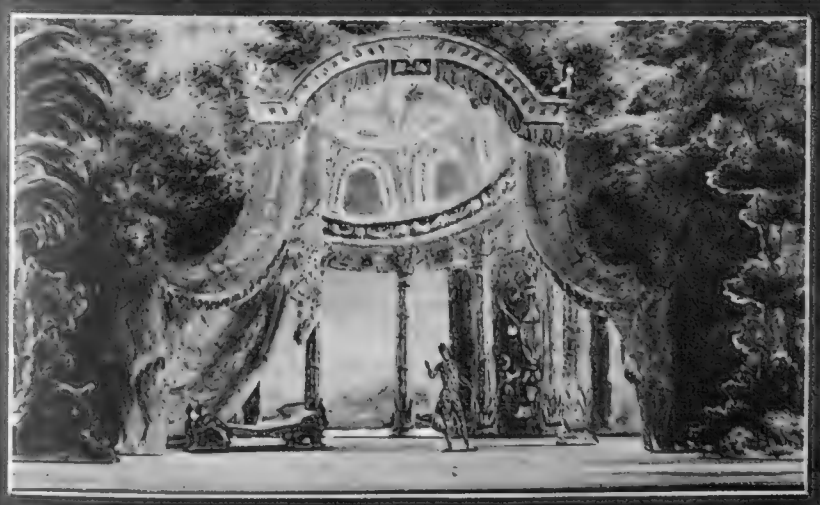
AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE; JOHN WEBSTER'S "THE WHITE DEVIL": Roderick Lovell as Brachiano and Robert Helpmann as Flamineo. Robert Helpmann, best known for his brilliant work with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, has found a suitable outlet for his acting genius in the part of the villainous Flamineo

THE DUKE OF FLORENCE INSPECTS CARDINAL MONTICELO'S BLACK BOOK: Hugh Griffith as the Cardinal and Andrew Cruickshank as the Duke. Monticelo is the villainous Cardinal in this play of villainy. Hugh Griffith plays the part with admirable perception of the pride that he takes in his evil successes

VITTORIA DENOUNCES THE CARDINAL: Margaret Rawlings plays Vittoria Corombona in the revival of "The White Devil." The part gave scope to her strong personality and voice, and she made credible its cold-blooded crimes

THE TRIAL SCENE IN "THE WHITE DEVIL": Vittoria is charged with being a party to the murder of her husband. A picture that gives an impression of the dramatic scene and its highly effective setting by Paul Sheriff. Flamineo, his hands in chains, can be seen on the left of the picture, seated next to Brachiano

AT SADLER'S WELLS; DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS'S OPERA, "THE SHEPHERDS OF THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS": Anointing the Pilgrim for the Journey. Roderick Jones as the Pilgrim, in the centre of the picture, with the three shepherds—Norman Platt, Rhys Williams and John Higginson. Dr. Vaughan Williams has taken the last episode of Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* for the story of his short "pastoral episode," *The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains*, one of the new Sadler's Wells productions, this season, with settings by William Chappell, who also produced the opera. This short, one-act opera (ballets are performed before and after it) contains music of exceptional beauty, and the singing of Roderick Jones as the Pilgrim and of Norman Platt, Rhys Williams and John Higginson as the shepherds, is particularly noteworthy. The episode begins at the occasion when the Pilgrim arrives at the Delectable Mountains, where three shepherds are singing their evening hymn



AT COVENT GARDEN; MOZART'S "THE MAGIC FLUTE": Two of Oliver Messel's scenes from Act I. *On the left,* **"Pamina's Boudoir"; *on the right* "The Grove of the Three Temples."** Covent Garden's new opera company has staged *The Magic Flute* sumptuously, but certain idiosyncrasies of the production have been criticised as detracting from the musical effect. A singer at the back of the huge stage at Covent Garden has difficulty in making her voice carry over the considerable distance, and when, in addition, she is placed behind a veil, many notes must be inaudible. Nevertheless, Audrey Bowman as the Queen of the Night overcame much of the difficulty. Pamina (dressed somewhat fantastically by Oliver Messel) was charmingly sung by Victoria Sladen, and Kenneth Neate was an agreeable and handsome Tamino. The English version of Emmanuel Schikaneder's libretto is by Professor E. J. Dent, with additional dialogue by Malcolm Baker-Smith, who produced the opera

MR. BUTLER MAKES HIS REPORT

A Positive Programme and a Policy for the Conservative Party

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN exactly a fortnight the Conservative Party's counter to the Government White Paper will appear over the signature of Mr. R. A. Butler, M.P. This attempt to solve the economic crisis will run to something over 15,000 words, though there will also be a popular digest. This digest will not merely be a synopsis. It will be written in more simple English. It is a fact that the average man in the street has no idea of the meaning of inflation. It is not suggested that he thinks that it means eating whale steak, or blowing up a football, but he certainly has no real idea of the technical economics involved.

Long before the Government White Paper was even formulated, the Conservative Party realised that it was necessary to have a Plan. Experts were sent up and down the country to visit and make searching reports on the various industries. From these, certain deductions were made and certain policies were laid down. To produce this considered judgment, much more investigation was necessary than the Government could have allowed for their White Paper. In fact, Mr. Butler's report is the result of eighteen months' hard work and would have been produced even if the White Paper had not been presented to the public. It will contain a positive programme of its own instead of being a mere answer to the Socialists.

The main difference between the Conservative policy and that of the Socialists is that the Conservatives believe the Government should return to its proper role of being general adviser to the country and its industries, instead of being its dictator. The Conservative leaders appreciate that as long as there are grave shortages of men, materials and dollars, it is essential for the Government to maintain the controls and a hand on the general direction of the country. But they argue that this Governmental direction should be based on information and advice received from people intimately connected with industry, in view of which it should provide broad general plans for progress. In this way, local problems could be solved with local initiative; intermediate officials and forms would be dispensed with; and a proper co-ordination between Ministries would be evolved. At present there is no such co-ordination, as witness the export of railway engines when we were woefully short of transport, and the export of mining equipment when we were still shorter of coal. The Conservatives, in effect, realise that a return to the unrestricted cut-throat competition of private enterprise is not desirable, but at the same time feel that the Government should not show such partiality for class distinction.

How ready is the public for this alternative plan when it appears on April 15? A visit to the Conservative headquarters at Abbey House, Westminster, reveals that the Party organisers have suddenly become much more confident about the present political trend among the masses. This is in spite of the undeniable truth that the present Government has not lost a single by-election since 1945. This fact is explained away very affably at Abbey House. There are two reasons for a by-election, it is pointed out. The first is when an M.P. is promoted to the House of Lords, in which case the safest possible seat is selected; the second is when an M.P. dies. According to Conservative headquarters the Government has been very lucky in the deaths of its M.P.s. Every Socialist M.P. who has died in the past two years has represented a particularly secure Labour seat. Furthermore, while it is true that the Socialists have not lost a seat since the General Election, the Conservatives have not only the same record, but have won three—at the expense of the Independents; at which point it is worth raising the issue of the Liberal Party's future.

The results of the General Election, at which only thirteen straightforward Liberals were elected, showed conclusively that the public had tired of shilly-shallying and was determined to vote one way or the other, instead of taking the middle course. Many people think that Great Britain has now come to the stage reached long ago by the United States, where there are only Republicans and Democrats and no powerful third party. A certain proportion of the electorate, of course, will vote for a specific candidate because they believe that he has the interests of the constituency more at heart than the other candidates. It was for this reason that fourteen Independents were elected to Parliament in 1945, one more than the Liberals. Since then, however, it has become possible that the public will vote either Socialist or Conservative at the next General Election, instead of compromising with a Liberal or Independent.

Of the twenty-eight by-elections which have occurred since 1945, the one which has given the Conservatives the greatest pleasure was Bexley. Bexley is a dormitory. It has large numbers of manual workers; large numbers of shops and, therefore, shop assistants; large numbers of black-coated workers who go up to London every day; large numbers of factories; and a considerable residential area as well. In 1945 the Socialists polled 24,000 votes to the Conservatives' 12,000. At the by-election the Socialist vote dropped to 18,000, while the Conservative vote increased to 17,000. In all the other by-elections the Conservative vote has remained substantially steady, while that of the Socialists has dropped.

But it is not so much the Parliamentary by-elections which have given the Conservative Party new confidence. It is the way that the municipal elections have been going. The number of seats which returned Socialists in 1945 and returned Conservatives in 1946 is 262. Only twenty-one seats which returned Conservatives in 1945 returned Socialists in 1946. Similarly, the number of seats which the Socialists lost to Independents last year was 165, compared with 46 formerly Independent seats which returned Socialists in 1946.

As Mark Twain once said: "There are three kinds of lies—a straightforward lie, American newspapers, and statistics." Statistics can be made to prove almost anything, but the other vital figures of these municipal elections must be very disturbing to Mr. Attlee. Thus, the Conservative minority in 1945 was 810,444 votes. This minority was turned into a majority of 225,978. In other words, over 1,000,000 votes were won by the Conservatives from the Socialists.

No wonder that the Conservative Party is feeling more optimistic and listens with interest to the rumours of a possible General Election next year. It does not expect to win any seats in coal-mining areas, but in other parts of the country it is highly probable that the public will not forget the ludicrous promises of some of the Socialist candidates.

The hollowness of many of these promises must also be fresh in the memory of all except the most rabid Socialists, and the breakdown of industry is likely to be remembered with feeling by everybody who has since discovered that the Government allowed 9,000,000 tons of coal to be exported just when it was going to be needed most. The average Englishman likes a gamble on the dogs, on horses or on football pools, but he cannot like a Government which gambles with his livelihood. And that is demonstrably what Mr. Shinwell did this last winter. That the majority of the public voted Socialist in 1945 is very understandable. The Conservatives, through the mouth of Winston Churchill, could honestly only promise a continuation of toil and sweat for some time if they were returned to power. Whereas the Socialists promised an easy time for all. Now that things are more uncomfortable at home than they were during the war, the average householder is likely to think again. It may be recalled that Mr. Churchill prophesied in 1945 that at least two years would have to elapse before there could be any change of heart among the masses of the people. Those two years will soon be up.

To what extent Mr. Attlee would be wise to go to the country now, before any serious deterioration has occurred in the Socialist vote, is a matter for conjecture. It is quite possible, however, that numbers of Socialist M.P.s who have nice jobs in the present administration do not want to risk losing them before it is absolutely necessary. Equally, it must be a tricky problem for the Conservative Party to judge the right moment to force a General Election. Not everybody realises that this can be done at any moment, although the Labour Party has such a huge majority in the House of Commons.

The method is simple. The Conservative members of the House of Lords would be instructed to throw out one Bill after another in the House of Lords until Mr. Attlee was faced with the alternative of going to the country or of carrying out Lloyd George's farcical threat to elect hundreds of Commoners to the House of Lords in order to secure a majority.

If the Conservative Party decided on this plan, it might quite possibly pick on the Transport Bill as the one to be thrown out by the House of Lords, and thus force an issue on the Socialist Cabinet. In fact, some people think that the Conservative Party was actually intending to do this up to the moment when the Socialists suddenly decided to make an exception in favour of the 350,000 "C" licencees.

A STATE DINNER IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE: THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE BANQUET IN HONOUR OF THE DELEGATES FROM THE SUPREME SOVIET: Mr. Attlee is seen in the centre of the top table, with the Archbishop of Canterbury two places away on his left, and near the Archbishop are Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain. Mrs. Attlee is seated between Mr. A. A. Fadeev and Mr. V. V. Kuznetsov, two of the Soviet representatives. At the table in the foreground are Lord Hyndley (second from left), with Mr. Eden beside him, and opposite is Mr. Tom Williams (Minister of Agriculture). Sir Ronald Adam (of the British Council) is seated third from right (facing camera). At the next table Lord Hall is on the right, and others at this table are Lord Leathers and Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder

"ENDEAVOUR II" IS FOR SALE

The Last Yacht to Challenge for the America's Cup May Not Race Again

"ENDEAVOUR II"—ONCE THE PRIDE OF THE "J"-CLASS YACHTS AND BRITAIN'S CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP IN 1937: "Endeavour II," which Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith owned and sailed against "Ranger," is, together with her predecessor, "Endeavour I," to be auctioned at Gosport on April 10, and, if not sold complete, the hull and equipment, including unused sails, will be disposed of in lots. This diagrammatic drawing shows the lay-out of the yacht, and some of the main features of the design—*Drawing by Clatworthy. Artist's Copyright in U.S.A. and the Western Hemisphere*

1. Fore triangle sail area, 2,757 sq. ft.
2. Mast, 156 ft. 8 ins. above deck.
3. Triangular boom, 66 ft.
4. Mainsail, 4,789 sq. ft. Total sail area as shown, 7,546 sq. ft.
5. Strain gauges.
6. Steering-wheel.
7. Binnacle.
8. Wind-direction indicator.
9. Wind-speed indicator.
10. Cockpit.
11. Bo'sun's store and sail-bins.
12. Stateroom.
13. Toilet.
14. Staircase. Bathroom is to port and a stateroom to starboard.
15. Saloon.
16. Officers' mess.
17. Forecastle.
18. Winches.
19. Two staterooms.
20. Captain's cabin.
21. F.W. tank.
22. Lead keel.
23. Centreboard.
24. Centreboard winch.
25. Batteries.
26. Sanitary tank.
27. Electric lighting set.
28. Rudder quadrant.

When Sir Thomas Lipton, of *Shamrock* fame, ended his series of gallant but fruitless attempts to wrest the America's Cup from the United States, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith took up the challenge on Britain's behalf with his equally renowned *Endeavour I* and *Endeavour II*. Neither yacht succeeded in its Atlantic mission, and it was a bitter disappointment in 1937 when *Endeavour II*, which had given a good account of herself in home waters, suffered four disastrous defeats by Mr. Vanderbilt's *Ranger*. *Ranger* was no more ably handled than *Endeavour*, but, with her tank-tested hull design and double-clewed Genoa jib, she easily out-sailed the British challenger in the light airs off Newport, Rhode Island. Now, after seven years of disuse, comes the news that *Endeavour I* and *Endeavour II* are to be sold, and that, if they are not auctioned complete, hulls and equipment will be disposed of in lots. The keels are each moulded of 75 tons of lead, so bidding is bound to be brisk with lead at its present market price of £85 a ton. It is a tragic reflection, however, that these superbly graceful craft should be thus dismembered, and it is possible that they may yet be saved. Another famous yacht now in the market is Mr. H. F. Paul's *Astra*, while the *Velsheda*, which in 1936 beat *Endeavour II*, is to be broken up. Owners now find it too costly to race these great "J"-class yachts, and it is probable that the America's Cup contest may be modified to include craft of 17 metres

New Lamps and Old

THE MIDAS CURSE IS UPON US

Old Junk Makes Golden Guineas, and the Trend is Ever Upwards

By JOHN GORE

A VALUATION.—In the bad old days of "Security," comfortable men would examine their securities at the New Year and congratulate themselves on any discovered increases in capital value.

Sometimes also they would succumb to the lure of their insurance agent and pay a stiff fee for a revaluation of their furniture and jewels for insurance purposes; and the higher the new value, the higher the premium; and the more they congratulated themselves on their increased prosperity.

The other day, my eye, searching for a subject for an article on this page, ranged over my bookshelves, which contain my modest (but neat and adequate) library. And I said to myself: I wonder what may be the market value to-day of these 2,000 well-preserved books? A few first editions, a very few rarities, from Elzevir to the modern fine presses. Complete or collected editions, in mint condition, of D.N.B., Encyclo. Brit., Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Trollope, Conrad, Stevenson, Beerbohm, Hardy, Hudson, Jane Austen, the Brontës. A representative library of the best biographies and histories; the poets, a glass case of fine leather-bound classics from an old Whig library, and many hundreds of miscellaneous books of approved merit on birds and flowers, country life and sport, novels, essays and travel.

I estimate that their market value to-day might well be three times their purchase price and probably more. And then I fell to considering the present market value of all the other "treasures" which furnish the humble home of the "small man" who inherited his share—a younger son's portion—of the contents of a house of larger proportions which had contained the accumulated possessions and purchases of his ancestors in the past 200 years.

A few fine bits of French furniture, some rare china, two or three good pictures, some fine old plate of Paul Lamerie or older, some jewellery and a mass of little trifles, snuff-boxes, étuis, fans, lace, and so on, which furnished forth the glass-topped occasional tables of Victorian days, and nowadays, for the most part, waste their sweetness in bank vaults.

The small man of this category would, I suppose, in old days have adequately protected his house and its contents for insurance purposes at £7,000 to £8,000.

To-day, by the standards of house values and auction prices recorded every week, he could hardly put the money value of his house and furniture, and its collection of junk, if he still displays it, at less than £25,000 for insurance. For he can verify in the auction sales the current price of almost any object he may take up, and find its value quadrupled. And his savings or inheritance in stocks and shares have also appreciated "on paper" to a fantastic extent. A cause for congratulation? An obvious inducement to quadruple his premium on his "treasures"? I cannot think so. Rather, a sombre occasion for moralising on the vanity of possessions and on the ghastly proofs of inflation, in the face of all official counter-assurances.

He might safeguard what he has by higher insurance. But he assumes that the bottom must one day fall out of the market in the auction rooms.

He might profit by the present mad moment and turn his old junk into golden guineas.

But what will those guineas profit him?

When the Chancellor has taken his fill, what will the residue buy in goods or in services? A cook? *Money* won't tempt her. A suit of clothes? £30 would not bring one which Crusoe would not jib at. Some coal that gives heat, a little *genuine* coke? Not from British coalfields or gas dumps. Sheets, towels, a sponge, a cooking pot? No, Sir. Nor yet a motor-car. Savings, thrift, insurance against the future? Excellent. The 4 per cent. Debentures of a Trustee British Railway?—with the assurance of a 50 per cent. cut in income by 1948! A bare 2 per cent. gross from a Government Bond—with the inevitable consequences of inflation and Government squandermania staring him in the face?

The policy of a Socialist Chancellor and the economics of war have broadcast the Midas curse, and it is money, money everywhere, nor any coin for use.

Two Nations.—I judge that one of the causes of our present uncertainties, embarrassments and slow progress to reconstruction, is that in our mental outlook over the unquestionable revolution—political, social and economic—in which we live, we are still "two nations." A part of the nation, drawn from every class, still conceives that the old days will one day return, another part is resolved and assured that those days and fashions and institutions are gone, never to come back. And whether you dub the former class wishful thinkers and the latter iconoclasts, or divide them into crusty Tories and far-sighted Socialists, or find other appropriate and opprobrious epithets, the fact remains that this vital difference of outlook exists and divides the national purpose. At the root of it all one is compelled to the suspicion that money, the root of all evil, is still a prime factor in either political opinion, and that the crux of the great revolution is the transfer of wealth from one (privileged) class to another and a broader. It is none the less a *grab*. Concern for money is not the fault of one class only. The scramble for dollars is universal at a time when money was never so much dross. Confusing, unedifying and tragi-comic, one observes how people with possessions rush to realise them in cash while the prices are fantastic, people with surplus money convert it into plate and jewels for security against inflation and financial chaos. And these comedians may perhaps be fairly labelled as of the former class, the class of privilege. But the insane scramble is just as patent in the other camp, and is evidenced every day by unofficial strikes, stoppages and "go-slows" for ever higher wages in the face of every proof of the vicious circle and every warning that nothing can restore our national stability but harder work at an economic wage.

In a financial column of a newspaper there was printed the other day a revealing sidelight on the "meaning of money."

A new Companies Act imposes on managements the duty of revealing to shareholders precisely the fees earned by directors. There are still, it appears, many multi-directors (or princes of industry) who earn £30,000 a year. When Dalton has done with them, that income affords them £4,500 to spend. But these big-salaried men fear the revelation of their earnings to their shareholders, and they are planning a voluntary cut in their pickings by £10,000 a year. All that that cut will mean to them is a loss of £250 a year!

Have we need of further witness of the meaninglessness of money?

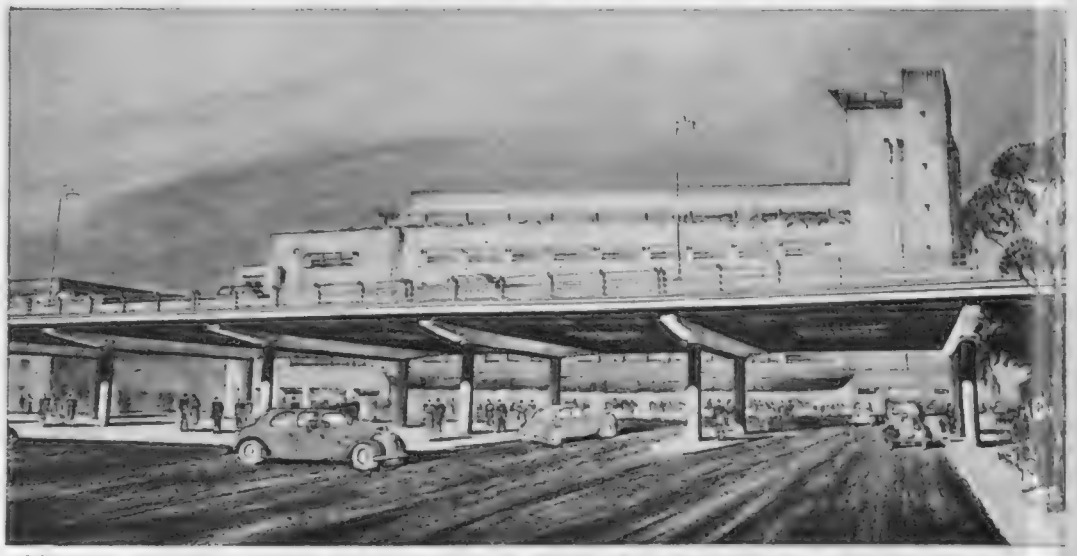
I look at my books again and assure myself that they are worth more to me where they *are* than their realised market value to-day. For they contain the kernel of wisdom, the germs of sanity.

One of these books is "Owen Meredith's" *Lucile*, a novel in verse, once in vogue. In it is that ballad of the "Paradise Bird," which alighted by a miracle on a treasure ship in angry seas:

> "Souls of men are on board; wealth of man in the hold;
> And the storm wind Euroclydon sweeps to his prey;
> And who heeds the bird? 'Save the silk and the gold!'
> And the bird from her shelter the gust sweeps away."

The ballad has its message to-day, a grain of the bumper harvest stored on our private bookshelves.

"A NEW LONDON IS BEING BORN": Some Major Proposals Before the L.C.C.



THE PROPOSED TRAFFIC FLY-OVER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY ROUNDABOUT: An architect's drawing of one phase of the London County Council's Cromwell Road extension plan. The fly-over would span Hammersmith Bridge Road, Queen Caroline Street and Fulham Palace Road

NO. 1 PLANNER FOR THE NEW LONDON: Dr. Charles Holden, who has been recommended as Consultant Architect for the L.C.C.'s latest development projects in North and South London

SOUTH LONDON'S PICCADILLY CIRCUS—A NEW ROAD JUNCTION IN THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE AREA: This raised traffic roundabout is one of the proposals for developing the south bank of the Thames put forward by the L.C.C.'s Town Planning Committee

With the comment that "a new London is being born," Lord Latham, leader of the London County Council, introduced last week the latest projects of the L.C.C.'s Town Planning Committee. These relate to the south bank of the Thames, the Cromwell Road extension at Hammersmith, and the Elephant and Castle reconstruction area. The schemes form a part of the even mightier County of London Plan and may involve a total cost of about £7,500,000. The Cromwell Road project is considered of vital importance in providing an outlet through West London, and there is no doubt that the Hammersmith fly-over will speed traffic on its way, particularly during the week-end rush period. It will also render London Airport more accessible. The South London scheme is, if anything, on an even more elaborate scale than the Cromwell Road extension, and Lord Latham visualises that the reconstruction area in Southwark and Lambeth will yield a rival to Piccadilly Circus. A third project involves the building of a river wall on the south bank. The work will reclaim from the river a stretch of land about 100 ft. wide, and this will be laid out as a riverside walk and garden

IN RURAL ENGLAND NOW

A Village in the Market; A Hill-top Site Preserved; Restoring Willingdon Church

When Mrs. K. R. Maurice decided that the burden of taxation would no longer allow her to retain the village of Castle Combe, its church and its Manor House, she had regretfully to place the entire property on the market in the hope that it would be acquired by the National Trust. Before doing so Mrs. Maurice announced her decision to the 350 residents, and now they await their fate. Mrs. Maurice's family has been associated with this lovely Wiltshire village for nearly 100 years, and everything has been done to preserve its beauty. There are no petrol pumps visible in the little main street, and even the telephone kiosk is stone-coloured. The church, with its fifteenth-century tower, was built partly with the help of contributions from wealthy clothiers.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S LOVELIEST VILLAGES IS FOR SALE: The little main street of Castle Combe, lying in Wiltshire between Chippenham and Bristol, which together with the Manor House is to be sold outright. The owner would like the place to pass into the hands of the National Trust

THE OLD MARKET CROSS AT CASTLE COMBE: A picturesque feature of the Wiltshire village which is having to be sold in its entirety because of the burden of taxation

BEACON HILL, THE SECOND HIGHEST POINT IN CHARNWOOD FOREST, HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL FOR PRESERVATION AS AN OPEN SPACE: A view looking across the rocky summit of the 800-ft. hill, which commands extensive views of the valley of the Soar. The hill formed part of the recently dispersed Beaumanor Estate, belonging to Colonel Curzon-Howe, of Clifton Castle, Yorkshire. The estate comprised 6,500 acres, and included the mansion of Beaumanor Park, which was built a century ago by William Railton, the designer of the Nelson Column. During the Second World War the house was used as a secret communications H.Q., and it is understood that it is being retained for this purpose by the War Office

THE NAVE OF WILLINGDON PARISH CHURCH: A view looking towards the altar and showing the fine old beams

TWICE DAMAGED BY ROCKET BOMBS IN 1945, IT IS NOW BEING REPAIRED: Willingdon Parish Church, one of the oldest churches in Sussex. An appeal is being launched to complete the reconstruction

Willingdon Parish Church, which contains a fine collection of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century monuments, had the misfortune to be hit by rockets on two occasions in 1945, but, according to a recent report of the Central Council for the Care of Churches, "thanks to the enlightened and courageous handling of the building and its contents by the vicar, it is in a fair way to become something of the nature of a model to which people can be sent in order to learn how a Sussex medieval church should be treated." Residents have already contributed more than £2,000, but a further £2,000 is needed to complete the work. An appeal for this sum has lately been launched

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

EPITAPH FOR "CAVORTING NIBELUNGS"

H. R. Trevor-Roper Has Investigated "The Last Days of Hitler" With a View to Destroying the Nazi Myth

I SUPPOSE I was one of millions of people who heard the broadcast of THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) before I read the book. What struck me about the broadcast was not so much the diligent and careful documentation, but the skill with which it was presented in historical sequence. It was apparent that a trained historian had been on the job, and by skilful presentation the listener was left in no doubt but that an insane Hitler had contrived his own bodily destruction in terms of his own Wagnerian hallucination.

Whoever appointed Mr. H. R. Trevor-Roper, then an Intelligence Officer, to find and examine all the available evidence of this macabre holocaust must deserve the thanks of mankind for generations to come. For Mr. Trevor-Roper is not only an historian, but an intensely readable one, which are qualities which do not always march together. Moreover, there is evidence that in a Fellow of Christ Church, the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard is missing a brilliant investigator.

The most dramatic episode in a book full of tragic and comic horrifics is, of course, the death of Hitler and Eva Braun. Here the evidence is conclusive, and the most vital piece of it is that of the two guards, Mansfeld and Karnau. The evidence of their sight of those black trousers and of that blasted head is conclusive.

The Nazi leaders have frequently been compared with a set of gangsters consisting of varying types, as gangsters are, but with some sort of genius for organisation, administration and government. Perhaps the most fascinating of Mr. Trevor-Roper's chapters are those in which he debunks all that and deals individually with this "set of flatulent clowns, swayed by purely random influences." "Even Mussolini was embarrassed," he goes on to say, "but then Mussolini had, after all, like Goebbels, a Latin mind; he could never be at home among those cavorting Nibelungs." He is at his best on Speer. "While Hitler, with increasing radicalism, administered the destruction of Europe, Speer, with increasing zeal, sought to nullify his orders. He was himself charged with the destruction of industrial installations; he ordered their preservation." Here was the intellectual, akin, perhaps to Rauschning, the East Prussian industrialist, whose *Hitler Speaks* failed to rouse the world to its danger in 1938. The difference between Rauschning and Speer is that the latter elected to go along with the flatulent clowns.

Never was a document more devastating and pointed than this epitaph upon a set of demonic mountebanks who all but accomplished their fearful desires.

It is surprising to learn that Miss Edith Pargeter, whose WARFARE ACCOMPLISHED (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) completes the trilogy begun under the title of *The Eighth Champion of Christendom*, served throughout the war as a rating in the W.R.N.S. Moreover, for most of that time she was inured in that war room on the west coast which plotted every exciting move in the Battle of the Atlantic.

How she came to know the battlefields and progressive campaigns from Dunkirk through North Africa to Normandy and the break through into Germany, and is able to take her hero, Sergeant Jim Benison, so convincingly through it all, is truly remarkable. *Warfare Accomplished* begins with D-Day, and if there is a better description of the landings and subsequently of the Battle of Caen and the inferno of the Falaise Gap, I have not seen it.

There could be no doubt at all about the sex of the writer who chose the title, THE RICH WOMAN (Faber. 9s. 6d.), and who wrote the romantic and romanticised story that goes with it. It may not be a feminist's book—I 'm not one, so I don't know—but I do know that it is the most feminine piece of construction, and the most feminine version of the great emotions of pity, horror and love that I have come across for a very long time.

I am not saying that in a disparaging way, as I should like to make quite clear. Certain things are all the better for the woman's touch, and perhaps the sentimental novel is one of those things. When a man attempts it the result is apt to be fairly cloying. I give you Mr. Saroyan as an instance. So that it is just possible that the whole field should be left clear for women. Paradoxically though, I 'm glad it isn't.

Miss Anne Meredith tells the story of a beautiful girl who lives to be an old woman, and never, in the course of a long life, experiences more than a few consecutive months of security, comfort or untroubled love. Her riches are in her own character, and in the feelings that other men and women have for her. After a hideous and terrifying childhood, she is adopted by a wealthy and affectionate family and eventually becomes engaged to the son of the house. When she jilts him to elope with a poor and desperately unattractive little man who bears the Victorian stigma of Socialist, it is because she feels that she can be of more help to him than to her placid and solid country lover.

The woman has a son and then, after years of a notably unrewarding marriage, she falls in love deeply with a man who loves her as much. Nevertheless, she returns to her husband, who continues to devote nine-tenths of his life to parliamentary work and the cause of Socialism, and she finally dies at a great age, with her lover beside her for the first time for forty years.

Now, if anyone should ask me what specific reasons I had for thinking this a woman's book, I shouldn't have the smallest hesitation in answering that it was because: One, this novel has the old female pattern of the Woman who is Wanted, by her husband, her lover, her father, her son and her son's son; that, two, opposition from other women is negligible and only present to emphasise the heroine's tolerant character; that, three, in the words that a perceptive playwright gave to a *prima donna*, there is "nobody on the stage but me!"

Having said which, I would add that these three conditions make it as certain as anything can be in a country with a climate like ours that Miss Meredith's new novel will be a cracking success.

LADY GRANT SEES A PIONEER WORK AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: The young Conservative M.P. for Aberdeen South examining a volume of the first edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which was published in Edinburgh in 1768 and has been one of the outstanding items in the book section at Olympia. This first "Britannica" was in three volumes, and the entire 2,000,000 words were written by a Scot, William Smellie

Mr. William Saroyan is, as his name indicates, of Armenian extraction, but he lives in the United States, and it occurs to me that he writes much more like an American than an Armenian. Again, why not? His fellow-countryman, Mr. Michael Arlen, writes like an Englishman when he can be persuaded to write at all, these days.

THE ADVENTURES OF WESLEY JACKSON (Faber. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. Saroyan's second novel only, although he has written several plays, and a spate of short stories. Even now, he is less comfortable with the novel form which demands, but doesn't necessarily get, greater smoothness, continuity and central purpose than a series of the kind of sketches at which he excels. This Wesley Jackson is a young American soldier, with the rank of private. He is nineteen, newly-drafted from San Francisco to a training camp, and his favourite song is "Valencia."

This much Mr. Saroyan establishes in the first page or two, and then proceeds with Wesley's spiritual and intellectual development, his love affairs and his happy marriage, against a shifting background of California, New York, Ohio, London, France and England again, with an interval in German captivity from which he escapes only to be captured, as he puts it, by the Quartermaster Corps.

The writing is as vivid, fast-moving and tempestuous as ever, and, as ever, the story is told in a series of episodes; separate and highly emotional vignettes. This may or may not be a novel exactly, but it is indubitably Saroyan.

AN ATLANTIC WAYFARER

And Other Reviews in Brief

Despite his provocative and controversial title, which even in this air age has no foundation in reality, for the annihilation of space by a few does not open up new worlds for the many, Leonard Cottrell has written an unusual and absorbing travel book in ALL MEN ARE NEIGHBOURS (Maurice Fridberg. 10s. 6d.). Mr. Cottrell, well known as a B.B.C. writer-producer, made at the close of the European War a 10,000-mile journey over the Atlantic routes with Transport Command and B.O.A.C. He visited Labrador, Canada, the United States and the West Indies, and, from his lofty viewpoint, whether it be 20,000 ft. above the ocean, above the turrets of Montreal, or above the waterfalls of Labrador, some of which have never been seen from the ground except by Indians, he communicates to the reader his abiding enthusiasm for aerial travel. Mr. Cottrell has the knack of reducing aviation technicalities to the simplest terms, but only the very touchy will regard this as a belittlement of the reader's intelligence. Most of us are grateful for an articulate guide through the maze of jargon that has grown inevitably around the new industry of the skies.

In the First World War it used to be said of the Guards Battalions that they played their part, neither receiving nor requiring recognition, making light of honours. The implication being that they were above recognition, that valour would always be forthcoming, that the job would always be done. There was no harm in such a conceit, which was probably born of deep public pride in the Guards, but, conversely, only good can come of Captain Nigel Nicolson's THE GRENADIER GUARDS, 1939-1945 (Gale and Polden. 5s.), in which, with true modesty and with crystal clarity, he describes the actions of the regiment in the Second World War. We follow the Grenadiers through their difficult battles in Italy and from the beachheads to the heart of Germany, and even such a factual account as this makes the heart beat a little faster. The author, a son of Mr. Harold Nicolson, has himself served in the regiment.

The spring has brought a crop of new thrillers, and one, which should appeal alike to hardened crime-book readers and those who habitually give this sort of fiction a wide berth, is CATS DON'T NEED COFFINS (Aldor. 8s. 6d.). D. B. Olsen, the author, is certainly a master of his craft, and no door or cupboard may be opened, no shrubbery approached without the reader contemplating the emergence of a corpse. Actually nothing really gruesome happens until Chapter VI, Mr. Olsen being an undoubted believer in well-sustained suspense, but every moment provides a thrill, and Rachel Murdock is certainly an amateur detective in the best tradition. DEATH MAKES A PROPHET (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) is a new thriller by John Bude, with a touch of satire to add spice to the horror, while VENUS DIED AT DAWN (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) gives Danny McGrail and his glamorous assistant a chance to defeat a specially tough bunch of blackmailers.

Riding has mercifully never been the sport of the rich alone, despite the fact that the achievement of proficiency requires more leisure than most of us have at our disposal. Experience in the field and in stable management cannot, of course, be gained second-hand, and never will be, but a good handbook is a valuable stand-by. In RIDING (Pitman. 7s. 6d.), Lieut.-Colonel C. E. G. Hope writes with knowledge and clarity, but, being limited to 162 pages, he is at a crippling disadvantage and cannot possibly do justice to such a wide subject. As an introduction to horsemanship, this is excellent, and it will serve its purpose if only it shows beginners that riding is not really more expensive than any other modern pastime. It might have been better perhaps, if the author had omitted the chapters on hunting and polo and enlarged his excellent notes on grooming, feeding and the general care of the horse. The appendix provides valuable suggestions for further reading. Another book with sport as its theme, but of a markedly different character, is GREEN FAIRWAYS (Methuen. 9s. 6d.), by Louis T. Stanley. The author is well known as a golfing correspondent, and in a series of charmingly written essays he gives some of his reminiscences of the game. A well-planned new textbook is Byron Nelson's WINNING GOLF (Macdonald and Co. 12s. 6d.). The whole purpose of the book is instructional, and the well-posed pictures bring out some of the vital basic principles of putting, driving and approach shots.

Escapist literature is in ready demand these days. Earl Schenck's LEAN WITH THE WIND (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.) is high up in this category. This is a novel of the South Seas, with the story revolving round the life of the incredible Durand family. It may not be great literature, but it is good fun.

A New Model from the Spring Collection, Suit Salon, Ground Floor

THE RETURN
OF
THE CRAFTSMAN

AFTER many years engaged on sterner work the craftsmen in gold and silver have returned to their peaceful tasks ready to devote their skill to the production of things of beauty. A fine example of such work is the Ascot Gold Cup 1946 designed by Cyril J. Shiner and supplied by

THE GOLDSMITHS &
SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD
112 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1

ONLY ONE ADDRESS TELEPHONE REGENT 3021

Hush—what goes on? Is it dreamland already?
It happened so suddenly! The splashing in the bath, and then the snuggling in the big towel, and the soothing with that softest Powder, and then . . . hardly a gap between wide-awakeness and sound-asleepness. Now comes a moment when a mother feels that the world is very complete. Her baby sleeping, well nourished, well comforted, well loved.

Johnson's baby powder
the kindest powder in the world

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., SLOUGH AND GARGRAVE

Swan Shoes

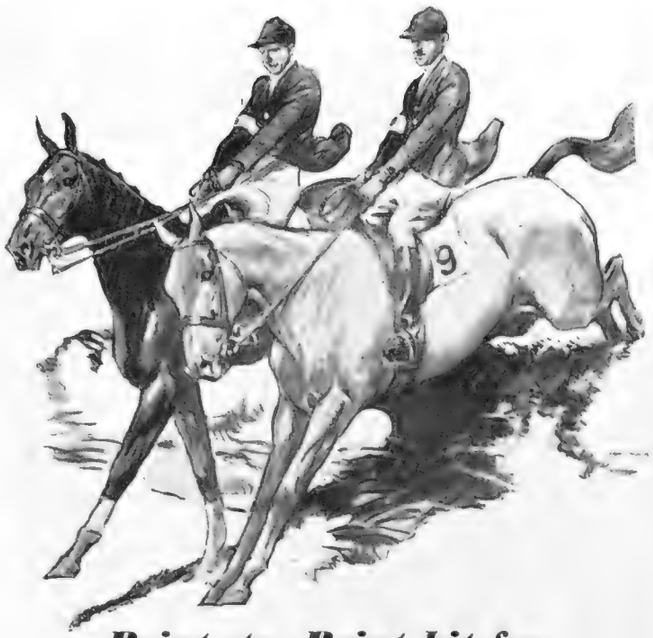
Swan shoes are fashioned with flair and produced with pride, and sponsored by leading shoe shops and drapery stores. For the time being supplies are necessarily limited.

For men's shoes by CROCKETT & JONES *ask for the* 'HEALTH' *brand*

CVS—1208

He's making history ! As recently as five years ago only a handful of people seriously thought that British films could recover and develop, so soon, into a national export of many times its pre-war value. Yet when the Two Cities film *Henry V* came to Broadway, New Yorkers stood in queues to see this great British picture. By the end of 1946 *Henry V* had already remitted to Britain more than $400,000.

J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LTD



Point-to-Point Kit for HIRE

The only way to ensure every rider a reasonable chance of being fitted out this season is to offer our scanty supplies of Point-to-Point Kit for HIRE. This will also save precious coupons.

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Corner of King Street & Bedford Street, W.C.2.
Temple Bar 4477
Bournemouth, Manchester, Portsmouth, Bristol, Camberley, Aldershot

ORKNEY TWEEDS

Retail only · Patterns & Prices from John Sclater · Kirkwall · Orkney

When day is done . .

the "Wandalite" is a boon for reading, writing, sewing and whenever soft concentrated light is needed. In ivory lacquer finish the very modern design is at home in any setting. No external springs—adjustable at a finger-touch. Available now from high-class stores and electrical dealers.

WANDALITE
REGISTERED MARK
ADJUSTABLE TABLE LAMP
CORNERCROFT (PLASTICS) LTD.
ACE WORKS COVENTRY
WL. 17

L-178-S

Something just a little better—

Silvifix

controls the hair without gumming

A Silvikrin product

Weather-proofing steel

The Oxy-Acetylene flame brush loosens and removes surface scale and corrosion and thoroughly dries the steel, leaving a clean, dry and warm surface which is ideal for the application of paint. Don't paint the rust, paint the metal—and paint it warm. That way the paint bonds better, goes farther, lasts two or three times as long. The flame brush can be used on site as easily as in the shop. Full details are given in Booklet Ref.T.I.B/11, gladly sent on request.

BOC

THE BRITISH OXYGEN COMPANY LIMITED
6th floor, Grosvenor House, London W1

Oil on the factory floor

It isn't necessary to have spent much time in factories to know that oil tends to put itself where it isn't wanted, and then to stay put. One of the ways in which Albright & Wilson apply their knowledge of phosphates is in dealing with this very problem. Albright & Wilson have had much experience in industrial detergents applied to such matters as oil removal and degreasing. Their advice on any similar problem will be gladly given.

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

Chemicals for Industry

49 Park Lane, London, W.1. Works: Oldbury & Widnes.

TBW

this is TI *to-day*

A living thing has a way of growing, and TI have grown to mean much more than the name Tube Investments can convey. Yet it was the initial structure of the group which made possible, almost inevitable, the many later developments.

TI began as a free association of inter-dependent engineering companies who united their resources while maintaining the individual character of each concern. TI still adhere to this principle, but now concentrate technical knowledge and skill in many fields, to the benefit of their varied customers.

Precision tubes in steel and light alloys are an important part of TI enterprise; so are bicycles and cycle components, electrical appliances for the home and industry, light alloy sheet, strip and extruded sections; so also are such varied products as pressure vessels for ships, metal furniture, gas cylinders, golf shafts, traffic signs, fabricated light alloy goods, fishing rods, paints, cables and essential components of locomotives, cars, aeroplanes, to mention only a few.

All these activities are energised by the full resources of the group, and are subject to careful watch so that none shall fall below the jealously guarded standards set by TI at their beginning.

TI

Tube Investments Ltd., 3 Grosvenor Sq., London, W.1

VANDEN PLAS (ENGLAND) 1923, LIMITED

KINGSBURY WORKS, KINGSBURY, LONDON, N.W.9 Telephone: COLINDALE 6171-2

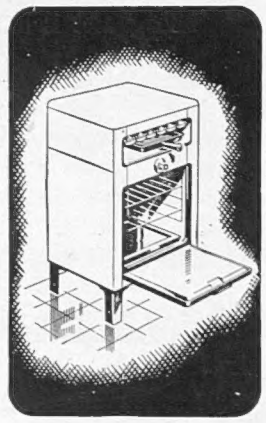
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE **VALSTAR "777"** RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

VALSTAR LTD.,
SALFORD 6, Lancs.
Also at 314 Regent St., London, W.

For people *of good taste*

RED TOWER
LAGER



"I was lucky to get a Parkinson — with the DROP DOOR. I find it such a help . . ."

PARKINSON
GAS COOKERS

The "RENOWN" first with all FEATURES, including "Ajusto" Automatic Oven Heat Control, unique Safety Tap design, ample Hotplate, maximum Oven capacity — and the exclusive Parkinson Drop Door.

THE PARKINSON STOVE CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 9

JBVA

By Appointment
Toilet Soap Makers
to H.M. The King

Bronnley

Makers of FINE SOAPS for Fifty Years

Bronnley Beauty Soap exemplifies all that is best in the art of soap making.

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.,
LONDON, W.1.

SAUCES MADE FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

by **Escoffier**

SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE

. . . and soon, we hope, Sauce Melba—which made Pêche Melba famous.

ESCOFFIER LTD., HARDERS ROAD
LONDON, S.E.15

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the
NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
One of Britain's finest hotels
and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
IN THE "KEY" POSITION. Buses pass the grounds for Shops and Cinemas. Nearest hotel to Meyrick Golf Course. One minute walk of Bournemouth West Station. Brochure with pleasure. Resident Director, Mrs. R. J. Bray. Tel.: Bournemouth 5.

WALDRONHYRST HOTEL,
BRAMLEY HILL, CROYDON, SURREY
High-class Private Hotel, ideally situated in extensive grounds. Restful yet only 17 minutes by train from London. Excellent cuisine. Terms moderate. Tel.: Croydon 2641/2.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH.
SUSSEX "A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central Heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel.: 394.

SEAVIEW HOTEL, EASTBOURNE
You can pay less elsewhere, but you will not fare better, for at this hotel on the front and in the front rank, the aim of the Directorate is the provision of the best. Consequently the Seaview has become famed for its Catering, Cellar, Comfort and Courtesy. Telephone: Eastbourne 470 (three lines).

GOING TO LONDON? For quiet comfort and convenience of location, book your hotel accommodation at ST. ERMIN'S, CAXTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1, a stone's throw from St. James's Park, Underground, and Victoria Street bus stop. Very comfortable apartments and breakfast from 16s. 6d. per night. Tel.: WHItehall 3176.

DAFFODIL TIME IN DEVONSHIRE! **NORTHAM, NORTH DEVON**
Forget the cold and dreariness of Town and spend the Spring in the warmth and comfort of CLEVELANDS HOTEL. Unusually good food. Reasonable rates. Beautiful house with glassed-in Verandah that is a veritable Sun-trap. Lovely position and grounds. Tel.: Northam 300.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE
A full quota of sunshine, overlooking Mount's Bay. The best headquarters for seeing the Cornish Riviera, from St. Ives to Land's End and the Lizard. *Write Manager.*

THE VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH
Come and be Spoilt! Heaps of good food. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and self-controlled wireless by your bedside. And according to your whims, Resident Orchestra, Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail Lounge—or just relaxation in our Sun Lounge. Kenneth Drew, General Manager. Tel.: 951.

GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY
NOW FOR SPRING! You will fare well in every sense at this first-class hotel overlooking the smiling waters of Torbay. No seas to cross. No Customs barriers and no currency restrictions. An easy train journey by Torbay Express, and Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul, General Managers, to greet you. Tel.: 2234.

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR
FOR COLDS

Vapex quickly and safely relieves the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the vapour from your handkerchief or pillow.

Use Vapex too as a protection from the colds of others. The antiseptic vapour is a simple, pleasant precaution against the spread of infection.

From your Chemist 2/3

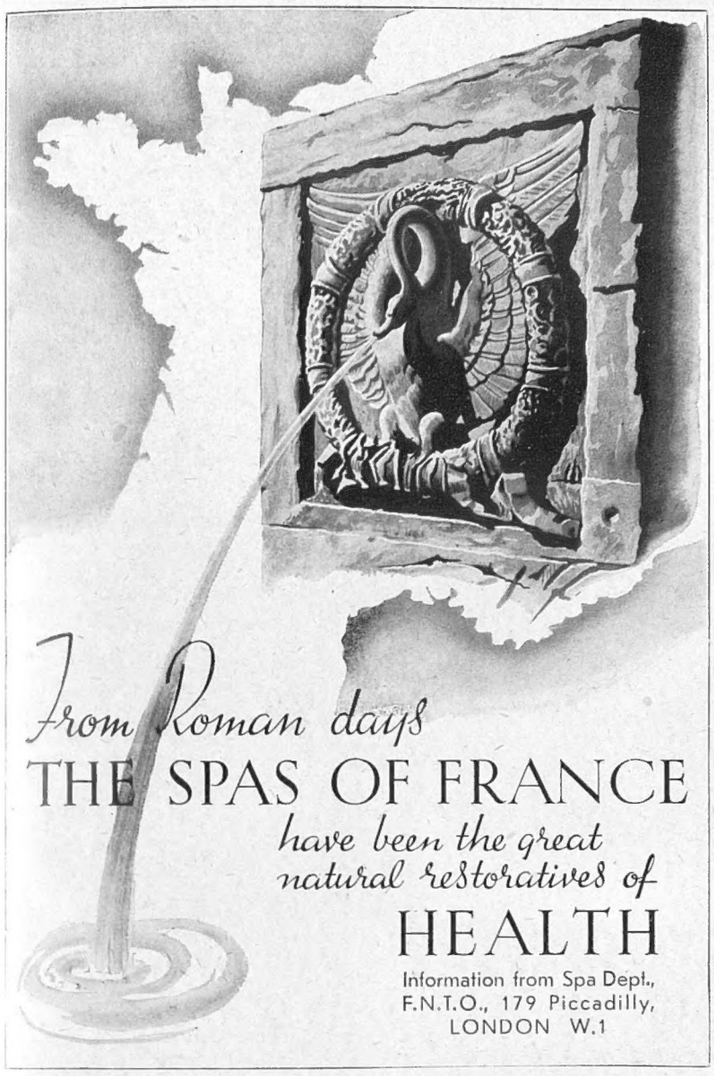
KERFOOT • BARDSLEY • ENGLAND

V129

He's dreaming of the days when
VANTELLA SHIRTS AND VAN HEUSEN COLLARS *regd*
are easy to get again (with curve-woven semi-stiff collars and cuffs !)

CP1 COTELLA LTD LONDON W 1

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.



From Roman days
THE SPAS OF FRANCE
have been the great natural restoratives of
HEALTH
Information from Spa Dept.,
F.N.T.O., 179 Piccadilly,
LONDON W.1

ROLLS-ROYCE
are supplied with
CHAMPION
PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG CO. LTD. FELTHAM • MIDDLESEX

Mid-week Travel

- The best days for long-distance travel are **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY** and **THURSDAY**, when there is usually more room in the trains.
- Travelling in mid-week helps to relieve traffic congestion at the week-end.
- Like the staggering of working hours of large firms and departments, mid-week travel spreads the traffic over longer periods, thus contributing to the greater comfort of all passengers in these days of unavoidable shortage of transport.

So—if you can—please
TRAVEL MID-WEEK

GWR · LMS **LNER · SR**

Red Hackle
Scotlands Best Whisky

AWARDED
FIRST PRIZE
AT
BREWERS EXHIBITION
LONDON
IN OPEN WHISKY COMPETITION

Try it and judge for yourself!

PROPRIETORS
Hepburn & Ross
GLASGOW

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, April 5, 1947. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.